10c. MARCH

Broadway Magazine

118 Picture

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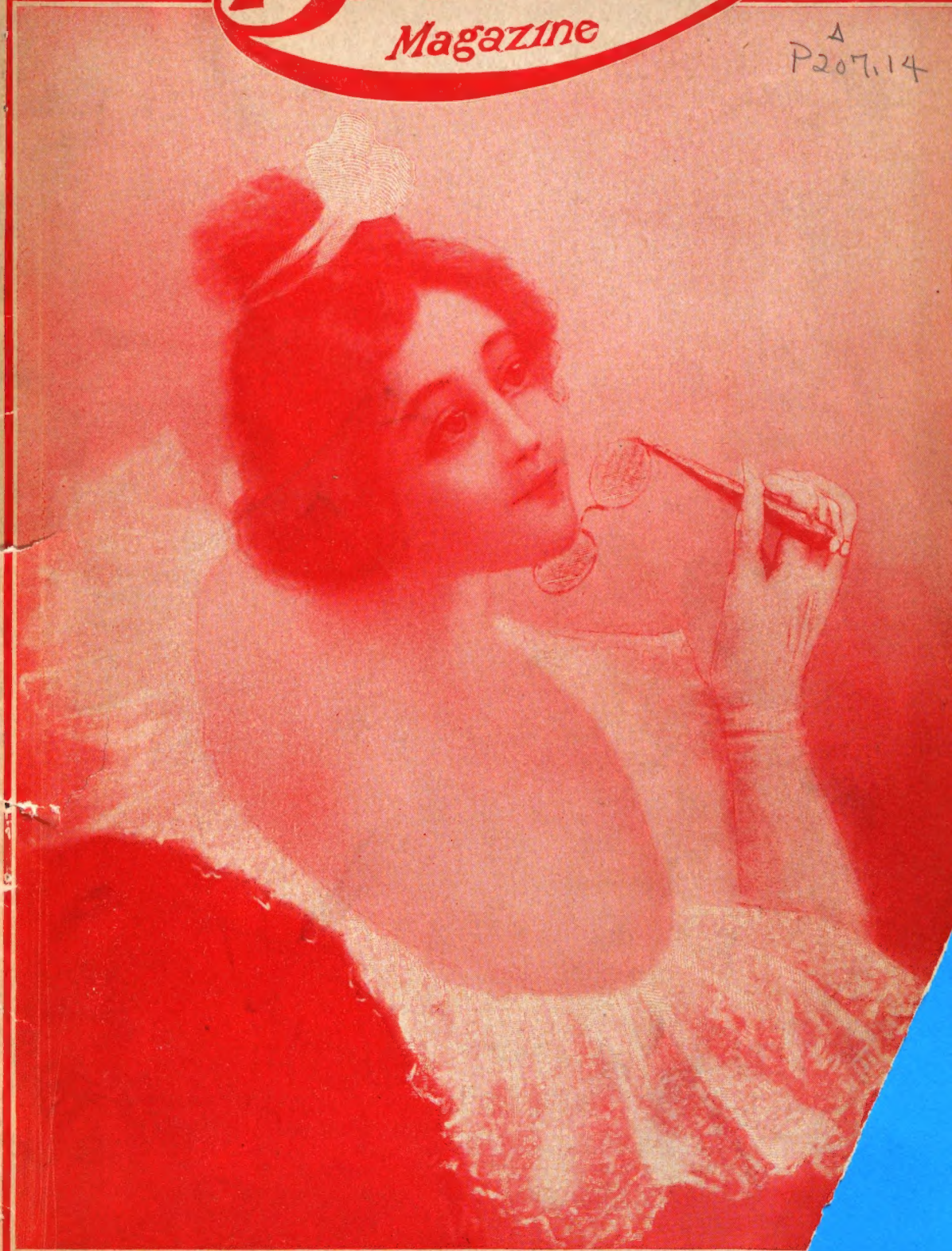

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"Why, you know I'm little M M M M

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"In Gay Paree."

MLLE VERNONA RASSELEUR,

a dainty French chansonette.

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FIRST BALLERINA—Oh, Mr. Dombleigh, we're so glad to see you.
THE BALLERINA (*coming*)—Oh, Mr. Dombleigh, I'm tickled to death, too.
MR. DOMBLEIGH—Yes, my dear, I do seem to have you on the run.

THE RED SOUBRETTE

Presents her compliments and begs to inform those who have been sitting up late o' nights in the hope of hearing from her, that she is getting ready for another outbreak and will be heard from as soon as she recovers from her present attack of *ennui*.*

* See Robert FitzCorbett's "Handy French Without a Trainer."

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NO WONDER THEY DON'T SPEAK NOW.

THE PREMIERE—Well, my dear, what do you think of my new dance?
THE OTHER—It's all right. I heard a man down front say you were a peach.
THE PREMIERE—Well, that's the fruit of being clever, you know.

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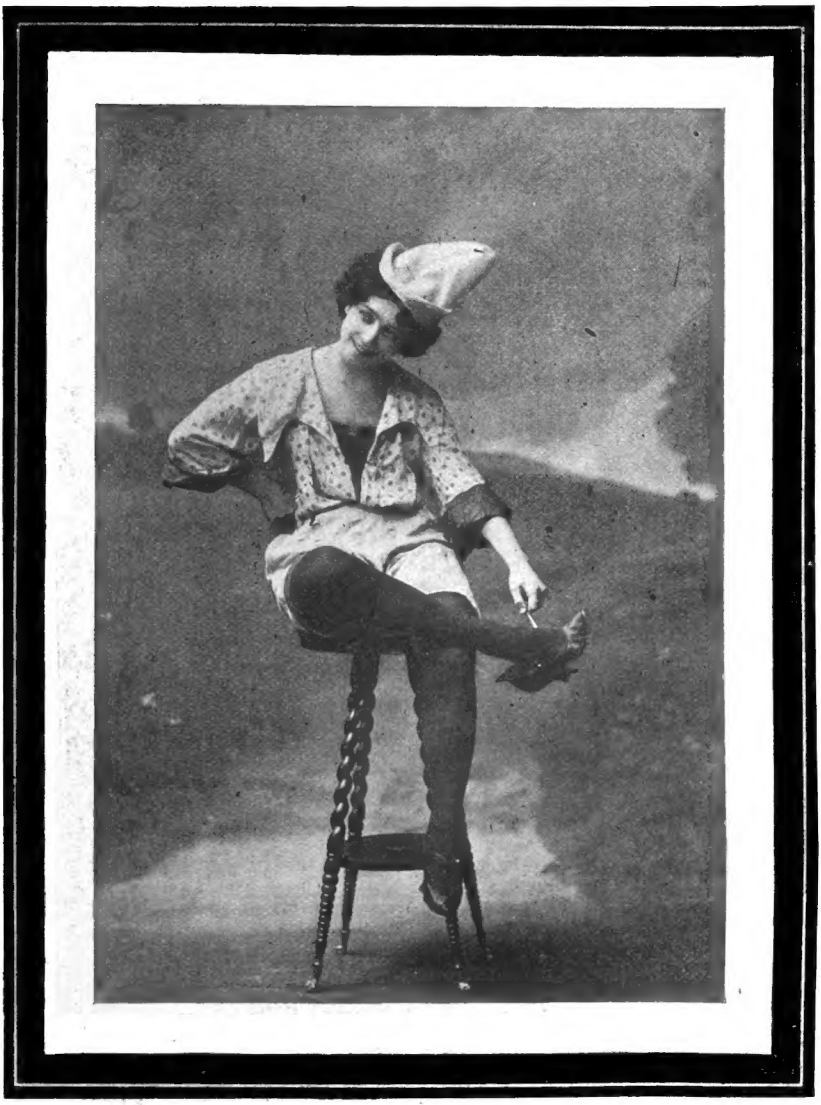

Photo by White, New York.

ANOTHER OF GRACE CAMERON,
of the "Foxy Quiller" company, who, it is just announced, will star next season.

KNIGHTS OF THE KEYBOARD.

PIANO players are becoming a drug on the market. Here is a handful of prominent ones now before the public, with the names of the pianos they advertise:

Toselli—Knabe; Slivinski—Knabe; Weiss—Knabe; Winckler—Knabe; Dohnányi—Steinway; Carreño—Steinway; Joseffy—Steinway; Godowsky—Steinway; Sieveking—Steinway; Bloomfield-Zeisler—Steinway; MacDowell—Steinway; Alberto-Jonas—Steinway; Hofmann—Steinway; Cortlandt Palmer—Steinway; Aus der Ohe—Steinway; Szumowska—Chickering; Ludwig Breitner—Baldwin; Bauer—Mason & Hamlin; Gabrilowitsch—Everett; Burmeister—Everett; Liebling—Kimball; George Krueger—Smith & Nixon; Dr. Elsenheimer—Smith & Nixon; Romeo Gorno—Smith & Nixon; Rivé King—Wissner; Hanchett—Weber.

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Oct 21, 1914
Edwin Francis Edgett

Broadway Magazine.

VOL. VI. MARCH, 1901. No. 6.

VIOLA ALLEN, THE ACTRESS AND WOMAN.

BY A. J. GARDNER.

THERE is some satisfaction in knowing that it requires no very acute insight or extensive observation to discover the reason for Viola Allen's extraordinary popularity with theatre-goers of all classes. She has never stopped a runaway horse, slept in a coffin, or been smothered by the odor of violets sent by an unknown admirer, nor did she rise to fame in a single night in consequence of some cleverly devised sensation. Instead of seeking notoriety we know that Miss Allen has steadily avoided it, and that her standing with the public has come legitimately, unaided by insidious puffery.

It will then be discovered that there are two royal roads to success on the stage. One is through the avenue of notoriety, and the other by way of conscientious effort, leading to an honestly acquired fame. The first of these pinnacles is reached by easy stages, or a single bound; the latter, by an arduous and laborious course. The notorious allures for a time by the transient magnet of curiosity, the justly famous by the steady attraction of true worth. Viola Allen belongs wholly to the latter class.

Miss Allen has acquired, what all actors and actresses seek after and few achieve, what is technically known as "a following." In other words, as in the cases of Maude Adams, Joseph Jefferson and Sol Smith Russell, and a very few others, there is a large class of theatre-goers who admire and love her for herself. They do not go to see her as they would to inspect a curiosity, but as a meeting between old and congenial friends. The personalities of these several performers, Miss Allen, Miss Adams, Mr. Jefferson, or Mr. Russell, are in no way similar; yet, a very large class of theatre-goers discover in these players an indefinable something that they enjoy, and which captivates them.

A serious student of the drama, and a friend of Miss Allen's, lately said of her: "Her self-abnegation is remarkable; indeed, she is absolutely religious in her devotion to her art. One can scarcely consider her dedication of all her faculties and time to this one purpose, the serious improvement of herself in art, as other than heroic. She has done, as was said of La Grange, more to elevate stage art and its consideration among present-day theatre-goers than any actress of the same conspicuous position now employed in the theatre. She has shown us that it may be made the object of a lifetime; that its professors may be pure and lovely and of good report; that they may be people of education and taste and breeding."

Miss Allen has "notions" regarding the

Miss Allen as *Dolores* in "In the Palace of the King." Photos by Rose & Sands, New York.

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Photos by Sarony, New York.

In "The Masqueraders." In "John-a-Dreams." | In "Michael and His Lost Angel." As *Glory Quayle* in "The Christian."

MISS ALLEN IN FOUR OF HER FAMOUS RÔLES.

stage which are unusual, to say the least. The chief of these is that the public is not interested in the private affairs of the actress, and it is for that reason that, only on rare occasions, has she consented to be interviewed. On this subject the actress lately said to the writer: "While we players want to please the public in every way and strive hard to have them take an interest in us, I do not understand why they should desire to know all the little details of our lives—matters that in any private citizen or citizeness are given not a thought. The life of a player away from the theatre is no different from that of a person not in the profession. After the play is over we go quietly to our homes, rest, perhaps rehearse, eat our meals regularly, and then back to the theatre again. We have our routine the same as people in other profes-

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Photos by Chickering, Boston.

TWO NEW PICTURES OF LULU GLASER, WHO IS STARRING IN "ANNE PAGE."

sions, and I can not make myself believe that the public is interested in all this. Another thing about interviews is that to me they place the people interviewed in a rather egotistical light. When one is called upon to give an interview, one naturally is expected to speak about one's self. And in doing this, even in adhering strictly to the truth, one cannot help saying some things that may be construed into self-praise. I do not mean to convey the impression that players, as a class, are vain and eager to seize the opportunity to speak of themselves, but it does appear to me that when a player is quoted in the newspapers on the subject of himself the general public gets the impression that he is talking simply for advertising purposes, when really it is the persistency of the interviewer that brings out all these personal matters of which the interview is built up. These are the reasons why I really dread being interviewed. It looks like ingratitude, I know, for the newspaper men in every city that I ever visited have been kind to me; but there is in it all that appearance of egotism and a desire to court publicity that makes me, indeed, an unprofitable subject for an interview."

Miss Allen even hesitated to speak of her first appearance on any stage when she was called upon to play *Esmeralda* at the Madison Square Theatre when she was just fifteen years old.

"It was an accident that placed me in the part," said Miss Allen in speaking of it, "and subsequently I played many little rôles that were anything but important. At various times it has been said that I was but fifteen years old when I played prominent parts with the elder Salvini on the occasion of his last appearance in America. This is a slight exaggeration, for I was almost seventeen years of age when that tour began."

Since becoming a star Miss Allen has displayed unusual judgment in the selection of plays. It is not often that an actress is able to secure two such successes as "The Christian" and "In the Palace of the King" one after the other. Miss Allen's popularity with the public may account in part for the enormous receipts that both of these plays have enjoyed; yet, if they were not of a kind exactly suited to the public's taste it is hardly likely that they could have succeeded as they have. It will be a matter of interest to know that both of these dramas were thoroughly revised by Miss Allen. In "The Christian" a new act was added at her suggestion, and in "In the Palace of the King" an additional character, that of the *Cardinal*, was introduced, increasing in a large measure the dramatic value of the play.

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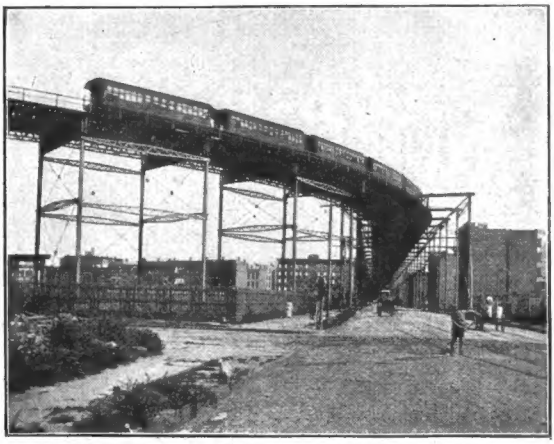
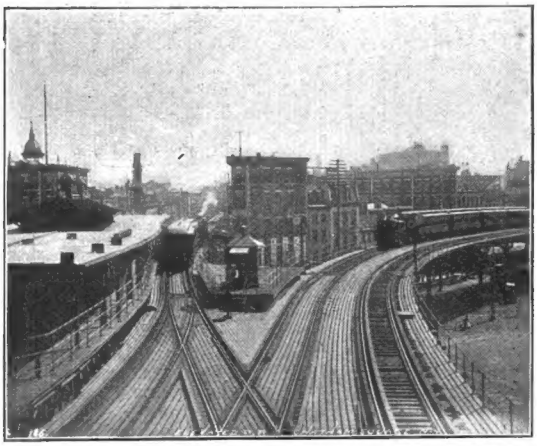
SNAPSHOTS OF TYPICAL NEW YORK SCENES.

(From Photographs by Loefler, New York City.)



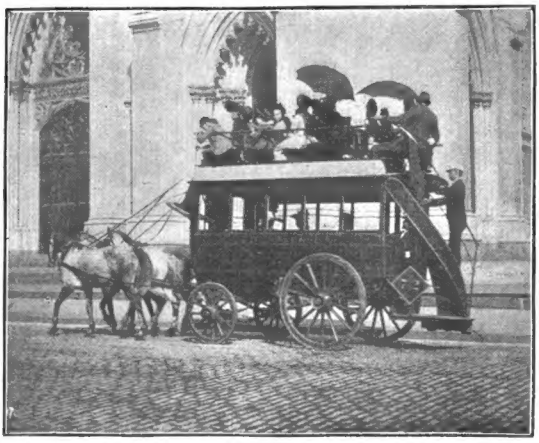
THE "L" CURVE AT WEST 110TH STREET.

THIS is one of the most picturesque sights to be seen in New York. The "L" trains on the Columbus avenue line turn at 110th street to Eighth avenue and then straight up to 155th street. At this turn the ground is very low and consequently the "L" structure is very high. From the train at this point a magnificent view can be had of Central Park, which ends at 110th street on the right. On the left is pretty Morningside Park, while perched on Morningside Heights are St. Luke's Hospital and the new $50,000,000 St. John's Cathedral, and further left are the new Columbia College buildings.



THE "L" ROAD AT CHATHAM SQUARE.

THIS is one of the busiest points on the immense Manhattan Elevated system. During the day trains pass this point under a two-minute headway, and far into the night under a five-minute headway. A little figuring will show you about how many trains a day pass by this station. The train coming on the right has just left the City Hall station at the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge. The train going on the left is on its way to South Ferry. The famous Bowery begins at Chatham square, and in this immediate neighborhood are Mott, Hester, Mulberry and other famous New York streets.



A RELIC OF OTHER DAYS.

PROPERTY owners of Fifth avenue have for years resented any attempt to run cars along that thoroughfare. As a consequence the old fogyish Fifth avenue stage coach is still an institution, although we are promised a full service of automobile coaches in the near future. In fact some of these are now running. The Fifth avenue stage starts at Washington square and runs to Central Park. This photograph was taken in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, at Fiftieth street and Fifth avenue, near the end of the run. You will note that most people like to ride on top. In fact, sightseers are fond of looking down on the busy streets from that perch.

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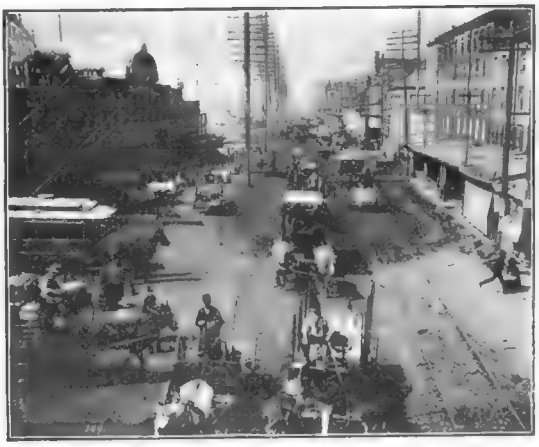
SNAPSHOTS OF TYPICAL NEW YORK SCENES.

(From photographs by Loefler, New York City.)

ALONG BUSY WEST STREET.

WEST street runs along the North River, which further up becomes the Hudson River. It is here that most of the piers of the Red Star, Cunard, American, and other big European steamship lines are to be found. There is no bridge to New Jersey, and as a consequence numerous ferries ply between New York and Jersey City, Hoboken, Weehawken and other points. The Pennsylvania, Jersey Central and other railroads have their New York termini on West street. On account of the tremendous shipment by steamer there is a great truck traffic on West street, and as a consequence there is much brimstone in the air due to the encounters between husky truck-drivers.



THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.

THIS is now one of the show buildings of Greater New York. Into it and out of it each day go all the trains on the magnificent Grand Central Railroad system, and it is probable that a larger number of trains enter and leave the Grand Central Station each day than pass through any other single railroad structure in the world. An army of travelers, going and coming, swarm the capacious waiting-rooms each day. This view is of the Forty-second street side of the building, opposite the Park avenue tunnel, and gives only a faint idea of this splendid monument to American progress and to the brains and power of the Vanderbilts.

THE FAMOUS OLD ASTOR HOUSE.

THE Astor House is situated on Broadway and covers the entire block from Barclay to Vesey streets. This is the most famous old hostelry in New York, and even to-day thousands of business men who come to New York go direct to the Astor House because it is a habit with them. As a matter of fact, it is still one of the best conducted hotels in the city. It is right in the heart of the wholesale business district, is near Wall street, Newspaper Row and City Hall, and is close to the ferries. It stands directly opposite the General Post Office. **The Astor House is a great mid-day resort for newspaper men.**

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A HUMOROUS *LITTLE EVA.*

With four special pictures by the Miner Studio.

"I'm so bashful."

"You don't know what I know."

THIS particular *Little Eva* first came under our critical notice at a certain performance given by the Professional Woman's League of New York. The character was introduced into a burlesque written for the occasion by Miss Alice Ives, of the League, and well known as a playwright. The League cast about for a proper person for the rôle, and the choice fell upon Miss Mattie Ferguson, a comedienne who had established a firm reputation for depicting humor on the stage. Miss Ferguson played *Little Eva* with such naive humor that her performance became easily the most notable of the afternoon, and is looked upon as a sort of P. W. L. classic. There has been such a demand for Miss Ferguson's pictures in the make-up of her rôle that she recently posed thuswise before the Miner camera, and BROADWAY MAGAZINE is enabled to print her pictures exclusively. Miss Ferguson (who is Mrs. A. F. Reichelt in private life) made her initial big hit in New York with W. J. Scanlan. Later she appeared in "Wilkinson's Widows," the first of Charles Frohman's great comedy money-makers. One of her most recent successes was made as the eccentric and laughable Swedish servant-girl in the farce-comedy, "What Happened to Jones."

"Oh, I'm so happy."

"Good-bye, folks"

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THE TRUTH ABOUT BELLEVUE.

WITH THE NIGHT WATCH AT NEW YORK'S FAMOUS HOSPITAL.*

By Walter Beverley Crane.

BELLEVUE Hospital is one of the institutions of the Great City that fulfils its mission.

With a capacity for eight hundred patients, its gates are always open, and it is continually receiving transfers from the other public hospitals. It is the hospital of last resort, the dumping ground of the city's maimed, wounded and diseased poor.

To the late Superintendent W. B. O'Rourke I am indebted for many courtesies, and to his undoubted honesty and conscientious endeavors patients in the past owe much.

* * *

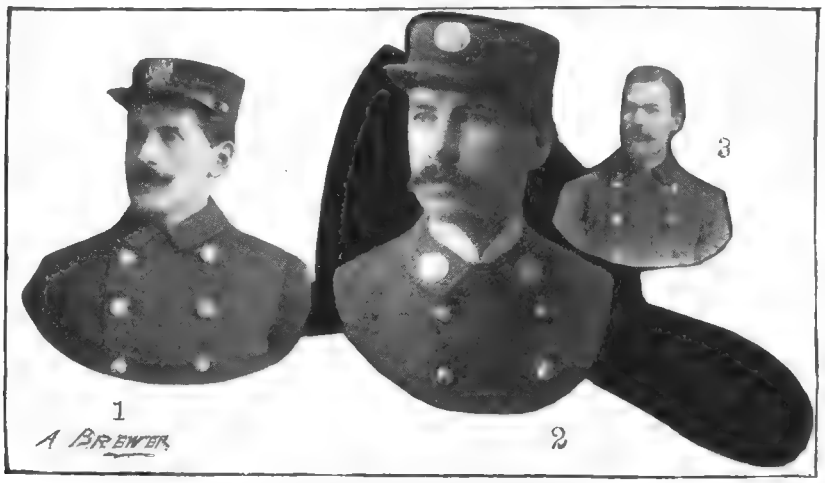
It is a quarter past eight in the evening and I am on duty in the office with "Cap" of the night watch. "Cap" possesses a very strong and pleasing personality, and ever since he was admitted to Bellevue as a patient, thirty years ago, has worked his way step by step toward promotion.

Hark! the clang of the ambulance gong is heard, as the rapidly approaching vehicle crosses First avenue and Twenty-sixth

* Editor's Note.—The writer was stationed for years at Bellevue Hospital and had many opportunities to study the ramifications of the big institution, coming in contact as he did with all branches of the service and meeting the heads of the different departments.

A pretty member of the "Because She Loved Him So" company, now playing on tour.

Do you know her name? A year's subscription goes to the one whose correct answer is first received at this office.



NEW YORK'S BRAVE FIREMEN.

1. Andrew B. Sweet, of Hook and Ladder 9, who secured the Bennett medal for heroic work at the Bowery Mission fire.
2. Lieutenant John Hughes, of Engine 13, who secured the Bennett medal for rescuing Mrs. Helen Hicks and her three children from the fourth story of 176 Greenwich street.
3. Lieutenant Joseph Quinn, of Engine 35, who also figured as a hero at the Bowery Mission fire.

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Photo by Roe & Biehler, New York.

VIOLET HOLLS, "THE AMERICAN BEAUTY,"
One of the attractive features of "My Lady and the Musketeer."

What's a death to the night watch?

They come and they go at all hours; it's an old story to "Cap."

A cab has driven up.

The door leading into the office is violently thrown open, and, with uncertain steps, two men enter. They are respectably clad and look like well-to-do tradesmen. One is slightly intoxicated, the other verging on an attack of *delirium tremens*, to judge by his wild gaze, nervous twitchings, sudden starts and hoarse mumblings.

"I want my friend taken care of," says the comparatively normal individual. "I can't do nothin' with him; he's been drinkin' hard for two weeks, an' he's got to stop it. Why, he's been seein' things all the way over from Fourth avenoo."

"All right," says "Cap." He whistles through a tube, and a white-coated attendant appears.

"Jimmie, show this gentleman to a first-class room and see that he has everything he wants,"

street; and in a few moments the orderlies, superintended by the surgeon, are carrying to the accident ward the badly mangled form of an employee of the City Fire Department.

"What's it like, 'Cap'?" I ask, when the ambulance surgeon has turned in his report.

"Three compound fractures, dislocated hip, bad body burns. He'll need skin-grafting for the burns. They pulled him from under bales of burning cotton!"

"Zing! zing! zing!" Another call for an ambulance, and the jaded surgeon and blown horse are off after another case. It's a busy night for old Bellevue. I sit down in an atmosphere of carbolic acid and iodoform—it seems to me I breathe every antiseptic and disinfectant known—and wait for the coroner.

In one of the women's wards is a bad case of malpractice, and the victim is dying. The newspapers want her *ante mortem* statement, for in all likelihood she will implicate some prominent East Side German with the midwife—at least, that is a conjecture on the part of two of the reporters.

"Hang it all, if that blooming coroner doesn't get around soon we'll lose a good story," remarks a newspaper man, irritably.

"Oh, she may hang out for another hour!" is "Cap's" consoling rejoinder.

Photo by Roe & Biehler, New York.

VIOLET HOLLS ALSO,
as you can see with half an eye.

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orders "Cap," ironically, and the wreck is led away to the alcoholic ward.

His friend proceeds to give the inebriate's name and address and history, and is about to depart when "Cap" fires this injunction after him: "You needn't come around tomorrow looking for him; it will take a good three days to put that man in shape."

"All right," replies the friend; "but, for God's sake, don't kill him doing it."

It is a great mistake to think that an alcoholic patient at Bellevue is treated otherwise than kindly; he isn't—and this statement is based on some years of experience.

'Tis true, a man's liquor is immediately stopped, and he is given bromides and other hypnotics to soothe his shattered nerves; but brutal restraint is never employed—only a "bed sheet" or "camisole" being used in very violent cases. A "bed sheet" or "camisole" is like a big sack, and while restraining the patient from injuring himself or others, does not "wear on him" as would the ordinary strait-jacket.

The alcoholic is a neat ward, long, roomy, light, and well ventilated, and were it not for the iron bars at one end, the grated windows, and the presence of the policeman on duty, a visitor might imagine himself in the "testing" hall of some second-class "gold cure."

Of course, there are occasional wild outbursts from the inmates. To judge from the remarks of some of the guests, little pink mice with Nile green tails and blue eyes are running over the cots; big black bugs with many legs are crawling over the ceiling; and we are very often introduced to a choice collection of snakes, even to mastodons of a prehistoric age.

Out of the 24,307 patients received last year, I have failed to get the percentage of alcoholics, but I don't think 20 per cent. would be far off.

A fashionably-dressed man is talking to "Cap" as I look in the office again.

"Where was he picked up?" he asks.

"Corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth

Copyright, 1901, by Elmer Chickering, Boston, Mass.

PAULINE CHASE,

Whose charms have hitherto graced these pages; but this is a new one of this stunning artist's model.

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street," answers "Cap"; "fell from the top of a Fifth avenue stage, in alighting. Number 5 ambulance, Dr. Carpenter, brought him in; his skull is fractured."

The anxious father is not permitted to see his injured son, but is assured that the boy is receiving the best of treatment and told to call again in the morning, when he may visit the ward.

It is after one o'clock and no Coroner has called to take the statement of the midwife's victim. A tall, heavily-built man, of commanding presence, strides into the office. He introduces himself as "an undertaker."

"Has that Schneider girl, taken from —— East Third street, croaked yet?" he asks.

Two of the newspaper men exchange significant glances

"No," answers "Cap."

"Has she made any statement?"

"No Coroner yet," says "Cap."

"Well, I must be doing something," replied "the undertaker," and he forthwith departs, closely followed by a reporter.

"He's no undertaker," says "Cap"; "he's a detective, and he's going to run no chances. He'll arrest on suspicion now; you bet he'll get that midwife before morning."

Surely at this hour of the morning there should be an arrival or so at the morgue nearby. We walk over to the dead-house and look in.

Yes; there is a fresh unfortunate laid out on a cold slab. She died in a station-house, and the hospital's dead wagon brought her in only an hour ago.

The newspapers have gone to press, and the Coroner hasn't arrived. At a quarter past three the Schneider girl is reported dead.

All is very quiet about the big institution. The grounds are still in pale moonlight and objects are very indistinct.

Over in the insane pavilion some poor devil of a lunatic has taken it into his head to sing to the moon. We have heard so much about "the towel" and other acts of cruelty we expect a sudden "choke off," but it takes minutes to quiet the patient, which shows the nurses on duty are not the brutes a sensational press would have us believe they are. It is a new Bellevue, and under one of the best hospital superintendents in the country.

Down by the docks the dark, black river goes rushing by, hungrily lapping the sides of the little steamboat that will take "Orange" Maggie to her last resting-place

Toward the Twenty-sixth street entrance two tired reporters wend their way.

One asks the other a question:

"If the care of the insane cost this State $4 262.580.46 for the last fiscal year, don't you think the loonies are doing pretty well?"

"Yes," yawns his co-laborer.

"Then why did your paper 'roast' so hard on Bellevue abuses; aren't there other hospitals and asylums in the country?'

"Oh, Bellevue is so open it is easy to find out everything about it. The stories that are never printed are what the public should read."

WEE TOY.

DEDICATED TO MISS MINNIE ASHLEY.

SHE has doveling's eyes of black,
Purple black;
And shapely hands of white,
Creamy white;
And a face of rosy hue,
In which Truth is born anew,
And which beams upon me, brighter than the light.

She shows dainty slippered feet,
Baby feet;
As she trots with voiceless tread,
Twinkling tread;
And then lingers for a kiss!
Ah! I'm dumb for very bliss,
When I feast on shining face and silken head.

Oh! the rapture that love brings
When she nestles at my side,
And the brown bird sings
Jeweled flutings of my pride
To my
merry little,
very little,
Japanese bride!

Oh! the glory of her soul
Shall this western world deride,
And the fullness of her heart
Mock the everflowing tide!
Ever
merry little,
very little,
Japanese bride!

WALTER PULITZER.

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MAYME GEHRUE,
A Typical American Cake-walker of Vaudeville.

Photo by Downey.

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EVELYN FLORENCE, A BEAUTIFUL SIXTEEN-YEAR-

A FRESH model in the New York studios is somewhat important to a long list of artists who draw or paint only from life and who believe that new forms and faces are material helps in their work.

Thus it is that Miss Evelyn Florence is of great interest to New York art circles at present. A glance at the two pictures published exclusively herewith proves that Miss Florence is a very striking girl. They do not, however, point to the fact that she is only sixteen years of age. She is a slight, almost fragile girl, with a magnificent head of hair, fresh eyes, and a smile that is girlish winsomeness itself. She has the artistic

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OLD MODEL OF THE NEW YORK STUDIOS.

temperament to a fine degree; the pose of her chin is thoroughly patrician and artists are particularly fond of putting her head in their pictures.

Miss Florence is a native of Pittsburg. She began her studio work in Philadelphia, where, being obliged to earn her living, she posed for photographers and was so successful that she made up her mind to come to New York.

Miss Florence is now sitting for such well-known artists as Carroll Beckwith, Samuel Isham and Herbert Levy.

These photographs were taken by R. Phillips, Philadelphia.

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TYPICAL BROADWAYITES.

EDITOR PAUL DANA.

PAUL DANA is the son of his father. The late Charles Dana had two hobbies, the *Sun* and Paul. To the latter he left most of his stock in the newspaper, and for that reason the *Sun* still has a Dana at the head of it. Paul Dana is a young man of force and character, and a well-known figure in New York.

PAULINE HALL.

SOME one in Toronto is extremely anxious to have BROADWAY MAGAZINE print a picture of Pauline Hall as a typical Broadwayite. Miss Hall is certainly entitled to the honor, and here she is, as one of the bright particular stars of vaudeville. Miss Hall has been very much in the public eye of late, and the rumor that she is to star again next season in a new comic opera gives her an added importance. When Miss Hall is not busy with her professional duties she devotes herself to a young daughter who is the apple of her eye.

MAUDE CASWELL,
an acrobatic dancer who also poses with much enthusiasm and grace.

DEAN RAYMOND is an actor who is as well known on the road as he is in New York. He has been playing in "Why Smith Left Home," and when he returns to Broadway for good the spring sun will have warmed the pavement with its gracious touch. Mr. Raymond is, in other words, "on the road." It might be mentioned in passing that Mr. Raymond will have a few score of fellow treaders of the kiln-dried pavements.

DEAN RAYMOND.

MABELLA BAKER is a clever character actress who has appeared in a number of New York productions. To play character rôles now-a-days requires a versatility that few women possess.

MABELLA BAKER.

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MAY MACKENZIE AND A CIGARETTE.

Miss MacKenzie (you might know she is from the Weber & Fields' nursery) has her picture taken with such startling frequency that it is difficult to keep up with her. She is here shown as De Wolf's valet in "Fiddle-dee-dee." The border means nothing gruesome. The cigarette is the only dead one.

AT A BROADWAY REHEARSAL.

By the Stage Manager.

NOW, girls, get in line there! Get in line, will you, or won't you? Wait till my hand falls, and then—— One, two—one, two—turn—down the center of the stage. Stop, all of you! Go back, every one! You've got the ague! You're all dying of old age! All over again! Will you keep in step and line, or am I to bring the kids over from boarding-school to show you how to do it?

Now, that's right—that's right! You'll be able to get this thing into something like shape by the end of the century, I've no doubt.

We'll go over that Champagne Chorus again, if you please, and if you want to see me cut off in the bloom of early youth (stop that giggling back there!) you'll do that chorus as you did it yesterday. (No, Miss Lanier, I can't give you that dress or these extra lines in the first act. Allison heard of it—went down to Jacobson's office—swore she wouldn't go on unless these lines were taken out—pulled out the property tears and landed him. Sorry! Try and arrange something later.)

Now, will you start that chorus, or will you not? (Two bars introduction for the Caliph's entrance, Mr. Mock.) Champagne! champagne! Bubbling, sparkling champagne! Jumping Moses! is that the way you drink champagne? Why don't you call it White Rock water?

Please, girls, dear girls, do throw a *little* more body into that chorus! Just imagine that you're taking dinner at the Imperial with a Wall street man, or that some one is waiting outside with the latest thing in diamond bracelets. Now, sing out! What's the matter over there in the back row?

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SYLVIA THORNE. Photo by Chickering, Boston.

You Minnie, what's the matter with you? Afraid of spoiling your Patti notes? Try a little tonic, Minnie, in the open air, and come back—next year!

Eh! What's that? Baby died this morning? Come back, there, Minnie! Come back! (Burrows, just step around to the house—you know where she lives—and if there's any difficulty about the funeral and that sort of thing, straighten it out. Jacobson will stand it. And give her this V when no one sees you, and charge it to me—personal.)

Now, girls, will you try to sing that chorus, or won't you, or must I lock you up here for the rest of the night? Ah! that's right! Thought that would wake you up! Champagne! champagne! Sparkling, bubbling—— Oh, go on like that, and you'll all be Melbas by and by.

Your song's all right, Miss Marlborough—admirable! If they'd all attend to their business as you do the stage manager might hope to reach heaven some day. Twelve o'clock, and an appointment with Dazian to try on those dresses, and it wants a quarter of that now, so run along.

Oh, and that's the way you hold a champagne glass, is it, dears? Just as if you were vestal virgins! You'd hold it like that if you were taking luncheon at Rector's, wouldn't you? This is the way to hold the—(fifteen minutes late, Mr. Bailey, and two dollars fine)—thus, gracefully and easily. (What's that you said, Bailey?—big nerve! You're fined five dollars, sir, for that remark! I'm stage manager here, I believe.)

Lower those borders up there; six inches all the way along. Where are the Emperor's guards? The Emperor's guards? What! One hundred and fifty dollars for these three front-row dresses! The brigands!—the cutthroats!—highway robbers!—slaughterers of the innocents! They'd murder their own grandmother for a dollar! Tell them to guess again and come back to-morrow.

(No, Miss Mackey, you won't have that third dress! What on earth do you want to do—bankrupt the show? Besides, Allison will have a fit of hysterics in the wings.)

Miss Hamilton, for the third time you'll oblige me by not reading that letter at rehearsal! (One dollar fine for every girl reading letters.) The Princess's chariot—*that* the Princess's chariot! What do you mean by bringing that thing here? Looks like a wheelbarrow painted red and yellow! Take it awa-a-y!

The policemen's coats and helmets! Won't do! Not a bit like it—not a bit! (What! Lent by Lederer? That'll do, sir! that'll do!)

Only one hour late, Miss Allison. Under ordinary circumstances such a breach of discipline would entail dismissal. But I suppose, madam, we must endure this sort of thing in silence. All ready, principals for Scene II? Come, now! Get a move on you and don't delay the rest! You amazons! Oh, you amazons! Get in front C. flank. Ready? One, two! one, two! *Continues fortissimo, ad lib. for the next three weeks.*

QUEENIE VASSAR, hungry, or, at least, she looks as if she were trying to eat a bouquet. Photo by Chickering, Boston.

FAY TEMPLETON AS A WILLIE BOY. Photo by Sarony, New York.

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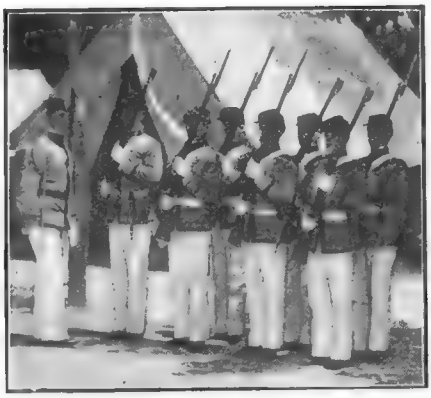
WHERE THE HAZING COMES FROM.

Cadets at mess.



Drill at Cadet Encampment at West Point.

THE eyes of the whole country have been turned on our famous West Point Military Academy, where the flower of the young manhood of the United States receives its education for war. We are told that cadets are hazed to such a fine degree that riding a rail or sitting on a red-hot stove becomes as easy as rolling off a log. At any rate, the investigation that was instituted because of the death of Cadet Booz has served to attract much attention to an institution of which America is proud; and these pictures by George Grantham Bain are especially timely and interesting at the present moment.

Mr. Bain, by the way, has the greatest collection of military photographs in this country.

The snapshots shown herewith are especially striking, as nearly all of them depict action.

View of Cadet Camp, West Point.

Col. A. L. Mills, Superintendent, West Point Military Academy.

Vice-President-Elect Roosevelt visits the Cadet Camp accompanied by foreign military attachés

Colonel Hein, commanding Cadet Camp, West Point.

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PAUL POTTER.

OUIDA.

FRANCIS CARLISLE.

"UNDER TWO FLAGS" ON THE STAGE.

ONE of the really important productions of the season is the dramatized "Under Two Flags," which Charles Frohman has put on.

Ouida's story has thrilled many thousands of novel readers during the past decade, and was the one story that lifted its author from the slough of tawdriness. The character of *Bertie*, played by Francis Carlisle, and *Cigarette*, which rôle Miss Blanche Bates has assumed, are two of the finest creations of modern story writing.

Paul Potter returned to America for the especial purpose of superintending the presentation of his piece, which is somewhat more on the order of melodrama than is usually the case with Mr. Potter's plays.

HOW I PHOTOGRAPHED ANNIE RUSSELL.

By Burr McIntosh.

Illustrated with Two Hitherto Unpublished Photographs.

"I'M afraid they won't be very good, because I am not feeling up to the mark this morning, but if they are not, I will come and sit until we do get something half-way satisfactory, because, you know, I never do get what anyone would call a really good photograph."

These were Annie Russell's remarks one day when I called to take her to Great Neck Long Island, to be photographed. She was, in truth, a frail bit of humanity, as every one of her admirers knows, and I could not but recall a day a few years ago, when the hope that she would ever again be able to grace her loved profession was almost dead in her indomitable heart. It was one Sunday afternoon, soon after her return from a visit of nearly a year to the Italian shores, where she went after the big testimonial which was tendered to her at Wallack's Theatre. This event occurred after her return from the hospital, in which she had lain for several months, and from which not one of the

Copyright, 1901, by Burr McIntosh, New York.

Miss Russell in her cozy corner at Great Neck, Long Island.

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Copyright, 1900, by Burr McIntosh, New York.

Miss Russell against a sylvan background at her country home.

doctors who attended her ever believed she would emerge alive. It was with these memories before me that I watched with deep interest her keen appreciation of everything new that came in view.

These two pictures are but a portion of several taken that day, some along the roadside during the drive over to Great Neck, some in the large studio at the end of our journey. Although it was a crisp autumn day, our subject removed her coat and hat and posed with the abandon of an

FRANCES JOLLIFFE, of Ada Rehan's "Nell of Old Drury" company. Photo by Dupont, New York.

athlete, saying as she did so: "Isn't it good to be here. These are the first photographs that I have had taken outdoor in years. I do hope they will be good, because I want to have them next winter to help to recall to-day."

Maybe they are not the best photographs I have taken, but there certainly are none which have given me greater pleasure than these of Annie Russell enjoying the country air which was so long denied her.

FLORA PARKER, of "The Telephone Girl" company. Photo by Henry, Pittsburg.

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THE NEW YORK HOTEL DETECTIVE.

By Barry Spencer.

THE necessity of eating is a strong one—the demands of appetite are peculiarly and pertinaciously potent.

There are many fleshy-looking young men in New York whose appetital demands are largely ahead of their pecuniary resources, the latter being of a limited nature, like their consciences. Hotels on the American plan are especially appreciated by these easy-minded individuals; and it requires all the devices of the hotel detective to guard against their stealthful appropriation of dinners. In the multiplicity of guests daily arriving at first-class hotels, and the many games worked by the "professional diner," it is easy to conceive that the labor of watchfulness is no light one, and the guarantee of the hotel detective by no means sure. The average hotel detective can tell a rascal of this *genre* by a sort of instinct.

This beat to him is like a piece of coin in the hand of the treasury expert, who tells the spurious from the genuine by the feeling.

The hotel detective measures a fraud at a glance. He is able to see latent roguery peering out of the corners of the eyes, lurking in the smile, hiding itself in the drooping moustache, developing even in the flashy watchchain, showy tie, gorgeous waistcoat, and brilliantly shining patent-leather boots. He stops his man as he is about to leave the hotel.

"Are you staying at this hotel?" asks the detective in that tone of politeness for which he is remarkable.

"I am, sir."

"How long have you been staying here?"

"Ever since I came here"

"You misunderstand me. Is your name on the hotel guest-book?"

"The desk clerk is the proper informant."

"What is the number of your room?"

"A No. 1—first-class, sir. First-class

Photos by Arless, Montreal, Can

BEATRICE RAY,

of Broadhurst's "What Happened to Jones" company.

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I.—Lillian Burkhart in "Captain Susanne" seems to have captured New York. Her appearance in metropolitan vaudeville, after an absence on the road, partook almost of the nature of an ovation. Miss Burkhart has certainly made a most remarkable impression in vaudeville.

It is said, by the way, that she is considering an offer to star next season under the management of one of America's famous theatrical firms.

* * *

II.—There is a rumor to the effect that Virginia Earle is to head her own company next year if a suitable vehicle can be procured. The managers don't care to take any chances with comic opera nowadays, and good musical comedies are scarce, as recent New York productions amply prove. Miss Earle has won her present position in musical-comedy circles by hard work and artistic endeavor, and it is to be hoped that her first starring attempt will not be made until she is sure of having a good piece to offer her public, of whose favor she is worthy.

* * *

III.—Anna Held is not particularly superstitious, but when recently she lost thirteen dollars on a Friday afternoon, just after a black cat had crossed her path, we can hardly blame the cantatrice for putting two and two together and making more than four. If you take the same combination, however, and subtract from it one eagle-eyed stage-hand with deft fingers, there isn't a very great deal left for superstition.

IV.—Julia Marlowe receives more requests for autographs than any other actress on the American stage to-day with the exception of Maude Adams. Miss Marlowe is essentially a woman's woman, and therein, of course, lies so much of her tremendous vogue. A woman who, like Miss Marlowe, can count a big proportion of women-theatregoers her friends, is absolutely certain of being a fixed star so far as popularity is concerned.

* * *

V.—Lola and Nellie Hawthorne were coming East after a successful engagement in Omaha. They were in a parlor-car on a fast train when a stranger approached. He was tall and thin and well-dressed, albeit his diamonds were somewhat plentiful for any but a pawnbroker's wife.

"Beg pardon," said he, addressing Lola, "are these the famous Hawthorne sisters?"

"We are the Misses Hawthorne," Lola answered.

"I heard you sing the other night," he began somewhat nervously, "and I thought—that is to say—well, to tell the God's honest truth, I wanted you to sing a little thing I have written," and here he pulled out of his pocket a piece of manuscript labelled "O That I Had My Lips to Thine."

By this time the sisters had lost all interest in the tall, thin gentleman.

"Really, Mr. ——, I didn't catch your name," said Nellie, "our husbands attend to all those little details for us and ——"

By that time the song-writer had flown, but not before the porter heard him say, "Husbands! Good heavens, and I bought a ticket for Chicago for this!"

THE FOOTLIGHTER.

---

hotel has first class rooms, you see. This is a first-class hotel—the *ergo* as to the rooms is conclusive."

"You are a bit evasive."

"Only logical, my dear friend."

"You took dinner just now upstairs."

"Beg your pardon. I took no dinner upstairs. I went up with an empty stomach, an excruciating stomachical void. 'Nature abhors a vacuum,' says philosophy; and, to borrow the apothegmatic utterance of that philosopher, Chimmie Fadden, 'Dat's wat's der matter.'"

"Well, you had better take a walk with me as far as the Thirtieth street station."

"Oh, let me pay for the dinner!"

"No; this is the third time you've worked us."

"Doesn't the world owe me three meals a day?"

"Not here."

Exit hotel detective and the beat.

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Photo by Chickering, Boston.

ZAZA BELASCO.

Of course, she has another name; but we know it not. David Belasco must blush every time he thinks of the compliment.

WHERE THE EAST RIVER FLOWS.

By Alice Graham.

"AND this is to be the end?"

"It must be."

But in justice to the man it ought to be said that he looked heartily ashamed of himself.

"And what is to become of me?"

It was the old question, the inevitable result of a woman's faith and trust in the man she loved, and the man's fickle passion, sated by possession; yet he felt a real pang of remorse, such as he had never felt before when breaking with "the others," as he gazed down into the pale face and stricken eyes of the girl before him.

Less than a year before she had been as bright, innocent, and happy as his own sister, and now she was—this, and his was the fault.

"And what is to become of me?" she asked again, not angrily or imperiously, but

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as if she had only just realized what his abandonment would mean to her, alone, friendless, helpless, in New York.

"Could not you go home again?" he asked at last, in a low voice.

"Home? No! I would rather die of poverty than die of shame, as I should do if I had to meet their eyes—now."

There was silence for some time, the man staring uneasily into the fire, the girl standing motionless with clenched hands.

Then she spoke, slowly and quietly at first, her voice gathering passion and force as she went on:

"You! To think that *you* should be called one of the lords of creation! A lord! Someone to honor and respect, someone to love, cherish, and admire—the arbitrator of woman's destiny; one who, endowed with youth, health, brains, wealth, could make a life paradise, as you made mine—once! Do you know how I thought of you—what I felt? I loved you, trusted you, set you up on a pedestal, a something to be worshiped! And instead I should have loathed you and despised you, as the lowest thing on God's earth—a man without honesty, without faith, who for the gratification of ruining a girl's life, could perjure his soul away. Do you remember your lying promises? Your pitiful subterfuges for not marrying me? Fool, fool, that I was, not to have understood! But to me you were a hero; you could do no wrong. I believed with a fatal faith all you chose to tell me. And my reward—to be flung aside like this!"

"Dear!" he said, when at last she paused, but she turned upon him with eyes of bitterest scorn.

"Do not taunt me with words of lying endearment. Go! You have done your work—you have had your triumph. Leave me to pay the price."

He could not force his eyes to meet hers, yet still he hesitated.

"If you will not go, I will."

But as she turned he placed himself between her and the door.

"If you would but be less cruel, less bitter! Won't you try to forgive me?"

She drowned his words in bitter laughter.

"Forgive! You can actually dare to ask that? And who is to reconstruct my shattered life? Ah! go—go. I will not breathe the air that you do. You, who call yourself a man!"

Then he turned and went. The scene had been bitter, worse than he had anticipated, but it was inevitable, for he was to be married on the morrow, and such little episodes were best ended first.

But he could not forget—he could not keep his thoughts away from that strained, white face; could not close his ears to the bitter scorn of her voice. They haunted him through the courses of his

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

AUBREY BOUCICAULT
as *Venicius* in the spectacular revival of "Quo Vadis."

THE LATE JESSIE JORDAN, a graduate of the American drama.

She has just graduated to wifehood, being now Mrs. Gerard Foster.

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

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elaborate dinner, the wine would not dull his senses.

The play at the theatre where he sought distraction was dull and meaningless to him, the actors were gesticulating mummers who wearied him, and at last he strolled, sick and weary, over towards the East River.

Before him was a slender figure, hurrying along with the nerve of desperation. Something impelled him to follow. He knew too well with what fatal intent she was there.

A moment and she was on a spile near the ferry-house and he had sprung up beside her, and as she turned her face their eyes met.

With a shudder of repulsion she drew back from him, her foot slipped, and in trying to save her he lost his balance, and they fell together, down—down into the miry harbor waters below.

For once the man, too, had paid the price.

ELEANOR KENT

a pretty California girl, educated in Paris for grand opera, who scored a hit in St. Louis and Chicago under Henry W. Savage's management.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Editor, Joplin, Mo
BROADWAY MAGAZINE,
New York City.

Dear Sir:—Will you please give me the addresses of the Carbon Studio, J. C. Hemment, and Hall, in your city.

I wait anxiously from one edition to another for your bright and entertaining magazine, and only wish it came oftener than once a month.

Please answer the above question in your next issue.

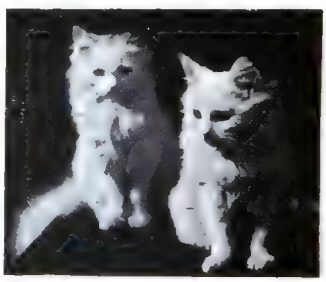
Yours truly, AN INTERESTED READER.

The Carbon Studio was formerly situated at 6 West Sixteenth street. J. C. Hemment. 110 Fifth avenue. Hall, Thirty-fourth street and Broadway.

AN ODD BOOK ON CATS. (THE FELINE SPECIES, IF YOU PLEASE.)

From "Concerning Cats."

"CONCERNING Cats" is certainly odd. It is by Helen M. Winslow, is published by Lothrop Publishing Co., of Boston, and tells you more about cats than you could ever hope to glean in any other way. It is beautifully illustrated with pictures of famous tabbies and—but if you care for cats you must see "Concerning Cats" before appreciating its value. It isn't much good if you are fond of dogs.



White Kittens. From page 76 of book.

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"IN GAY PAREE."

[From our resident Paris correspondent, Frank Lloyd.]

PARIS, February 1, 1901.

THE aristocratic women of Paris do strange things at times. A certain lovely marquise was walking home one night last week, when, opposite Olympia, she was spoken to by two well-dressed men, who asked her to supper at one of the swagger restaurants. I suppose she felt in the humor of a spree, and accepted the invitation. Well, they all three jumped into a cab and had not gone very far before one of the men embraced her, while the other told the cabman to drive to a night *café* in the Montmartre region. This naturally frightened the woman, and she jumped out with a scream—but only to be followed by one of her companions, who seized a valuable diamond brooch she was wearing and fled.

"THE WHIRLWIND."

A picture by Paul Theron, that has taken all Paris by storm.

* * *

The marquise went to the police-station and made a complaint. I am wondering what the marquis will have to say to it all.

Things are queer in this city

* * *

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

The *Presse* sometimes is humorous. It contained the following paragraph last evening: "We have the great satisfaction of announcing to our readers that the cars running on the line Opéra des-Lilas to the Rue du Quatre Septembre have caused no accident either yesterday or today!!" Tired of registering the daily accidents, it now mentions the days on which they do *not* occur. Paris cars are becoming much more "killing" than even "Deadman's Corner" was in New York.

* * *

I've taken to "autoring" (word of mine own) — and am still living. It was a swagger record-beating twenty-horse-power kind of caravan, and I haven't recovered my breath yet. Blue-eyed goggles, a fur coat that made me look like a Laplander, and a flask of brandy concealed in the leg of my trousers—and then we dashed through the Bois at the rate of forty miles an hour. My wife screamed, and I felt for the brandy-flask, and the driver grunted. I don't know what happened to the stray children and dogs that we ran over. My wife says she will buy me a motor with the one hundred thousand franc prize she is going to win in the lottery. She will insist upon spending my hardly-earned francs in buying tickets.

* * *

A new style of advertisement has made its appearance during the last three days. I say

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"three days," because it has taken three days to develop the advertisement. On the first day there appeared in many of the Paris journals a picture of a man standing in a portion of a forest. He had dropped a revolver from his hand, and was looking up into the trees as if in search of somebody or some object. In the corner of the picture were the words: "Continued in the next number."

* * *

The next day came, and the "somebody" the man was looking for appeared. It was a lady placed aloft. This second day showed a wood, a man who had dropped his revolver, and a lady placed aloft, and in a corner of the picture the announcement: "The end to-morrow."

* * *

Then the third day the picture was completed. Another figure—or, rather, two figures—appeared: a man with a revolver in his hand, and a friend, evidently a doctor, standing behind a tree. The advertisement was complete. It announced the appearance of a new romance in one of the Parisian contemporaries, entitled "The Honor of a Woman." This new advertising dodge certainly excites curiosity.

* * *

Copyright, 1900, by Sarony, New York.

PHYLLIS BARANCO, A DANCER WHO IS NOT ALWAYS DANCING. THAT'S APPARENT.

Here is a little story of an actress. It is as well that I should not mention her name. The good lady is famous for her beauty and a violent disinclination to pay her debts. You will probably say that the latter is a common failing. It appears that a dentist had furnished her with a swagger set of false teeth, as Nature had not made her quite perfect. The artist in "ivories" had the usual difficulty in obtaining payment for his work, and after about twenty visits he became desperate.

* * *

One day he happened to catch her on her doorstep, and politely asked for the settlement of his account.

* * *

"You again, is it?" she said. "I may tell you that I am not at all satisfied with the teeth, for they hurt me in the left-hand top corner of my mouth."

"Truly!" he answered, "They hurt you, do they? I am very sorry, but I expect it can be easily remedied. Just come into the *concierge's* room for a moment, and I will see if I can put it right for you."

Of course you can guess the rest. As soon as he got the teeth in his hand he at once put them in his pocket, and left without a word. And now the dear thing is rigorously confined to her bedroom with a bad attack of bronchitis while she is getting another set manufactured.

* * *

You will have gathered from one or two remarks that I have made, that in certain parts of Paris one carries safety in one's hand when out late at night. You will probably have read in the papers that there has been a fine old rout-out of all the riff-raff of Paris. The police have been holding nightly hunts, and the bag has ranged between two

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and three hundred head of all kinds of birds of prey. I had the good luck to see one of these *rattues* the other night in the region of Montmartre. A journalistic friend took me with him to see the fun.

* * *

The infested area was surrounded by a large body of police, who gradually closed in, driving all before them. And then came the sorting out. After releasing those upon whom no suspicions fell, there were about a hundred and fifty left. They were a miserable, diabolical, drunken-looking crew of both sexes. In a little while they were all taken off to the police station. If they were unable to give a satisfactory account of how they lived, they were sent to prison for a period of from one to three months

* * *

These repeated night attacks even in the wide boulevards have naturally made one a little careful. Last night a respectable youth—a clerk—was on his way home It was midnight and he had been drinking, not wisely, but too well. As he neared his home he saw a crowd of men coming towards him, who were singing loudly. Of course he at once imagined that they were a night-bird crew, so he whipped out a revolver.

"The first who advances I will kill," he shouted. The men came round and tried to disarm him, but did not succeed until he had fired one or two shots. After all, they were quite respectable and only a little merry. They thought the youth mad and hauled him off to the police station.

* * *

The French *demoiselle* now goes in for the Sandow business. A young girl of about nineteen was going home one night from her gymnastic class. An elderly man, who turned out to be a government official, thought she looked rather nice, and ventured to speak to her. She repulsed him, but he persisted. Finally, he went so far as to put his arm round her waist.

Photo by Eddowes, New York

LULU SHEPARD,
a devotee of vaudeville and the photograph gallery.

* * *

This upset her, so she raised her mighty arm and smote him full on the jaw The elderly man rolled in the mud and then got up and yelled for the police. For once they were on the spot. And now it seems that he is stupid enough to be bringing an action against her for assault and battery. Unwise old man! FRANK LLOYD.

AS TO MAUDE ADAMS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editor of BROADWAY MAGAZINE:

Will you kindly let me know, through the columns of your most excellent magazine, whether Maude Adams is married; if so, to whom, and since when? Your most devoted reader, VIOLA D. HOWARD.

Miss Adams is not married.

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"In Gay Paree."

GUERRERO,

a new French stage beauty.

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AMELIA BINGHAM, THE REMARKABLE NEW YORK WOMAN-MANAGER.

Miss, or rather Mrs., Bingham, for she is the wife of Lloyd Bingham, the well-known actor broker, is remarkable not because she is managing her own stock company, but because she is doing it successfully. Miss Bingham has been an attractive figure on the American stage for some years When it was announced that she had formed the Amelia Bingham stock company for the purpose of playing at the Bijou Theatre, which her husband had leased, the old timers shook their heads in strong doubt. That same doubt has disappeared, for, with her first production, "The Climbers," Miss Bingham has shown that she is thoroughly able to take care of herself in the managerial field.

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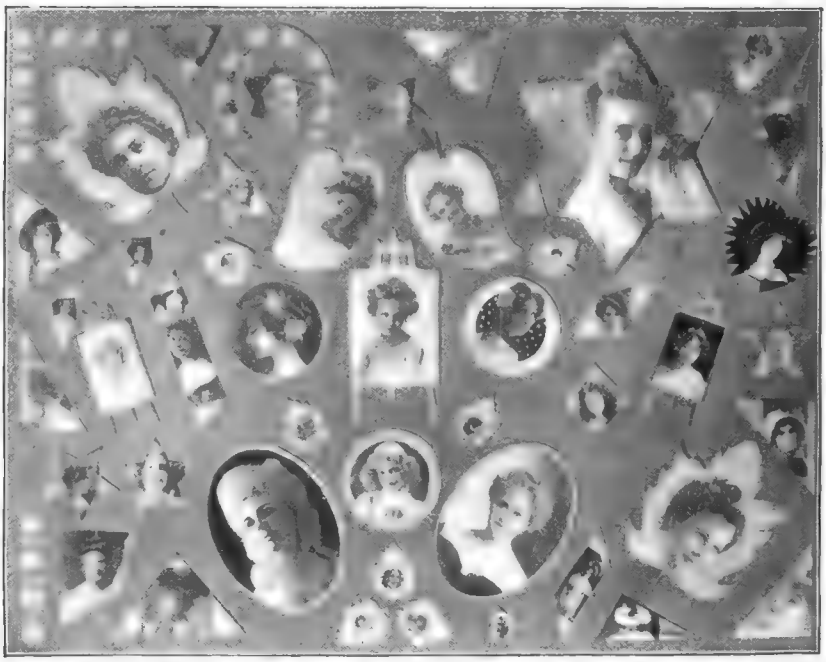
"PRINT MANSFIELD'S LATEST PICTURES."

THIS is the wail that comes to us from far-off Wyoming. It is sincere, candid—it is a cry from the heart. Therefore, we print Mr. Mansfield's latest photographs in the earnest hope that our Wyoming subscriber will gloat over them, hug them to her heart (we take it for granted that "Marion" is a woman) and will find intellectual entertainment in her survey of Mr. Mansfield's classic features. Only a few months ago we published several pictures and a long story about Mr. Mansfield; however, these, apparently, were not sufficient for the artistic spirit of Wyoming. But, as our favorite novelist sometimes tells us "that's another story." Mr. Mansfield should not forget Wyoming in his rambles.



Reproduction of a photograph taken by J. Claude Robinson, McLeansboro, Ill., and sent to us with the curt explanation, "Made from pictures in BROADWAY MAGAZINE."

"WEEPING WILLY WINTER."

THAT'S what they call him, although he has been known to smile. Mr. Winter is dramatic critic of the *Tribune*. That vouches for his entire respectability. In addition, Mr. Winter has written some books about Shakespeare, and it is recorded of him that he makes a semi-annual pilgrimage abroad solely for the purpose of weeping upon the grave of the late lamented William S.

Mr. Winter has also written poetry, several of his most fervid effusions being dedicated to Ada Rehan.

The *Tribune* critic probably stood closer to the late Augustin Daly than any other dramatic writer in America, and one of the ennobling sights of the dead century was the reverent spirit in which Mr. Winter attended the Daly openings.

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WHEN LOVE IS WEAK!

BY PERRY GRAHAM.

HE had made her acquaintance at a small seaside resort two summers before, and they had become seriously attached to one another, though they had only meant it to be a harmless flirtation. Still, when they parted, it was understood that they should correspond.

He had often thought of her since, and when he heard, soon after, that she had accepted a millionaire suitor—a match her people had arranged—he cursed her the first moment and sighed for her the next. Then came the marriage of convenience that ousted Cupid, and he tried his best to forget the summer-girl that had taken a stronger hold than usual on his affections.

He succeeded badly, notwithstanding he heard nothing further about her. Therefore the memories of the past flashed painfully through his mind when she entered the car in which he was seated, on his way to Lakewood to find a few weeks' change of scene.

She was accompanied by an elderly gentleman, who addressed her by her Christian name and who saw to her comfort with a paternal tenderness. But he knew it was not her father—he recalled the reports of the rich marriage she had made.

He bit his lips nervously when he felt the old love for her vibrating in his veins. He tried to read as the train whirled them towards its destination.

More than an hour was thus passed in silence, the elderly gentleman manifesting intense interest in a heap of financial newspapers he slowly perused.

The jilted lover laid his book aside for a moment, and ventured to glance at the pretty woman, who, only two summers ago, had leaned confidently on his arm when they strolled on the shore in the evening. She shyly returned his regard, the shadow of a smile hovering round her rosy lips, and he could read in her eyes that she also thought of their last meeting.

* * * * *

They were now rapidly reaching Lakewood. He felt a tiny foot placed on his for a moment as if by accident. They both blushed like children. But neither dared to acknowledge the old friendship in the presence of a third party. The language of the eyes could not interpret all they desired to convey, there were no means of passing a note. They longed to speak, but feared the result.

"John, dear," she said, turning to her husband, "what time are we due at Lakewood?"

Her companion replied without looking up.

"What is the name of the hotel we shall stay at?"

This was also answered in the same manner.

"You might talk a little," she cried, with an assumed pettishness; "you are going to leave me at this hotel at Lakewood a whole month, all alone, and now even on the way you busy yourself with those horrid papers and do not speak a word to me. Is it really necessary that you must return to New York on Monday?"

"Absolutely necessary, my dear."

The train now stopped at a station. The young man bowed politely and left the car. He also held a ticket for Lakewood, but he feared to go on. Wise man!

MY FRIEND'S WIFE.

BY B. L. R.

SAN ANTONIO, a moonlight night and the plaza! Wooed by the lightest of southern zephyrs, far enough and yet not too far away from the dulcet strains of mandolin and guitar, we smoked, we three, and chatted and sang.

From chance acquaintance to confidence-exchanging friends! Ah, but the stories that we told! Only San Antonio and the plaza and moonlight could possibly evoke them. Jameson's was the most remarkable. I repeat it to you here as near like Jameson would as I can.

* * * * *

We met at Princeton. We were college chums, and though radically unlike, Dunham a Northern and myself a Southern man, upon the leveling plane of congeniality we proved fast friends.

How well I remember Edgar Dunham and how fondly! There was such a breadth about the man, large-hearted, large-minded, nothing mean, ignoble or small. I recall distinctly the day I saw him off for Europe. Standing on the deck of the *Etruria*, I said, "Good-bye, old boy, and write to me. Keep me posted as to all you see and do. Don't get wedded to European ways, but come back to us as much of an American as you leave us." A brilliant correspondence followed. Two years found us writing almost weekly letters to each other. At the end of the second year I deemed it best to leave New Orleans, where I was living altogether too fast a life, and remove to Chicago. Charming city of my birth, how I hated to leave it! but for monetary considerations I was obliged to adopt that course. You probably all know what that move must have meant to me. I settled down to business as seriously as any Yankee chap. Then two, three, possibly four years passed, during which time I heard nothing from Dunham. Of course, he had long since returned from his tour. I determined to write him. Before my intent could be carried out, however, a letter came to me from Dunham. It was in his old accustomed style, brisk and terse.

"My Dear Old Jack: Of course you'd not believe it, but I'm married. Awfully romantic affair. One of your own sweet wo-

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men from New Orleans, too. Come up and see us at once. We're in a fine home of our own on Ontario street. Let me hear from you. Cordially, as of old, EDGAR."

Naturally I didn't jump up and catch the midnight train Chicago-ward. What I did do was to promise myself a some-day run there. Ten days or so later, the postman left another and a longer letter from Dunham, in the conclusion of which he said:

"Jack, you must see Lily. For an unromantic fellow it was full of romance. Think of it—met, loved and married her all in two weeks. 'Just like a Chicago man,' I fancy I hear you say, 'and for all the world like Dunham.' It was on my trip to Mexico, you see. We were both aboard the through vestibuled train—weren't even introduced, but as it was a case of love, and mutual, what cared we? Lily was on her way to Mexico to meet an uncle who is in the legation there. She never met him. I made her turn back to Chicago with me, and here we are. Elopement? Yes, surely. My wife is not so young, being nearer thirty than twenty, but she doesn't look it. She has all the charming innocence of a girl in her teens. Jack, you must see my wife. This letter must bring you."

It did. Dunham was his old cordial self when I walked in upon him in his office on Dearborn street. I don't think he looked for me so soon; nevertheless he said: "We'll go directly to the house. I'll not send Lily word; she's always ready. She says entertaining was the very life of her down South. She thinks Chicago people miserably stiff and cold and insists on introducing her semi-tropic ways, and, Jack, they're wonderfully diverting."

It was a beautiful home that we reached—just such a home as I imagined Dunham would have. I see it all in fancy now. The very odor of the roses is with me still—those roses that filled the house with their fragrance. I heard her calling him softly as we hung up our coats in the hall—that sweet, low, drawling voice—ah, fellows, I knew that voice! Dunham—Edgar Dunham's wife? No, no, no, I said to myself, as all the horror of reality swept over me. Man of the world, callous as I was, a nervous tremor seized me over which I had absolutely no control. . . . I think it must have been the same with her, for all trace of color left her face when she saw me and the hand she extended was cold as my own—colder than a breath from the Klondike. . . But Dunham never knew.

BLANCHE WALSH AS "JULIET."

It is not at all unlikely that Blanche Walsh will be seen in a Shakespearean revival next fall. It has been her ambition for many years to make a pretentious Shakespearean production, and with this end in view she has been discussing "Romeo and Juliet" with her management.

THE GIRL WHO CHANGED HER NOSE.

A STORY OF AN ACTRESS; WITH A FEW EXTRA CAPITALS.

BY HELENE HICKS.

"SHE is rather good-looking, but has such an absurd nose."

So spake a Great Actor-Manager about Trixie Clare. Unfortunately, Trixie overheard the remark, and was thereby grieved.

What mattered to her a wealth of splendid brown hair, dimpled shoulders, remarkable eyes, and a mouth like a blossom? Her nose had been criticised, that tip-tilted, retroussé feature which made merry her placid countenance and caused her to look all the saucy things she never said.

Trixie Clare was an Artiste. She could wear short skirts and make believe dance, but her soul craved something nobler. She felt the passion of genius burning within her, and knew, without anyone's telling her, that she was a Great Actress undiscovered.

The Actor-Manager was a maker of stage reputations, and Trixie had hoped, with thirsty eagerness, that some day she would meet the mighty man, and he would find her out. Most women do not like to be found out, but it means a large advertisement for an Artiste.

Nobody could expect a man to become interested in a girl with the wrong kind of a nose though. It was pathetic.

To the Chorus Girl, however, all things are possible. Trixie drowned her despair in a torrent of champagne and awoke the next morning possessed of a headache and an idea.

"It has been done," she told herself, surveying the offending feature in a three-fold mirror, "and what has been achieved can happen again."

She spent the morning in literary research among the magazine advertisements, and in the afternoon sent for the Modern Wizard, to whom she explained her heart's desire.

He was not weird, this Man of Magic, but plain to look upon, with the foolish face often seen in the Elevated Train advertisements of Complexion Specialists.

He told her that he could do anything in the way of alterations, so she gave him a large-sized order and retired from the world for three months.

When Miss Clare reappeared not a single broker recognized her, for she had a Grecian profile.

Two days later the Great Actor-Manager sent for her.

Trixie Clare thrilled. "A noble ambition is bound to be rewarded," she told herself, flushing with pride at the thought that she now had nothing to be ashamed of. The most critical connoisseur could find naught to cavil at in Trixie's new nose, for it was as aristocratic as her accent.

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When the Budding Star entered the Great Actor-Manager's presence he gazed at her blankly.

"I am Miss Clare," she said, and turned her head a trifle that he might get the full benefit of her new nasal appendage.

"You! You are Trixie Clare?" incredulously.

"Yes," she simpered. She just knew that he was overcome with admiration.

"The girl who played a Soubrette Housemaid with the Hard Luck Comedy Company last winter?"

Trixie smiled and acknowledged the accusation.

"What have you done to yourself?" thundered the Great Man. "You look like anybody else. I want someone with a funny nose for my new play. You won't do."

And he turned away unconscious of the tragic situation.

Thus do Great Actor Managers sometimes miss the dramatic things of real life.

MORAL.—Actresses may change their minds, change their opinions and change the styles, but they should never change their faces.

THE "SAG HARBOR" EXCURSION.

From Speonk to Amagansett,
From Islip down to Quogue,
From East and Centre Moriches,
Peconic and Patchogue;
From Babylon to Mastie,
Good Ground and Aquebogue,
From Bellport, Greenport, Bayport,
Jamesport and quaint Cutchogue;
From Mattituck to Southold,
Great River and Bayshore,
Sag Harbor and Brookhaven,
And countless stations more—
Bridgehampton and Easthampton,
West and Southampton, too,
We're coming to "Sag Harbor"
To see if it is true.
Yes, fifteen hundred Islanders
Are coming "up to town,"
To Hammerstein's theayter,
To turn it upside down;
The tenth day of November
Will be a gala day,
When all of East Long Island
Comes up to see Herne's play.

WILLARD HOLCOMB.

(Written for the performance of "Sag Harbor" benefit, at which were many of Mr. Herne's stage folk in the flesh from Sag Harbor, L. I.

AS TO WILLIAM COURTENEY.

FLORENCE J. K.—William Courteney, of Daniel Frohman's stock company, is about twenty-two and is not married.

LITTLE MAGNET'S FIND.

BY MORTIMER RAYMOND.

NEW, rich finds had been made in the Klondike. The camp flowed, not with milk and honey, but with gold and wine, and a spirit of hectic abandon and prodigality pervaded it.

The shortest way to wealth lay beneath the surface in the hillside, though there were men—and some women, too—who preferred getting it, artistically, at second hand to sifting it unpicturesquely from the soil, and who prospered and seemed happy.

Prominent among these were the Little Magnet, proprietress of the Lone Pine dance hall, and Whitewater, professional gambler and her business manager.

All Kicking Horse knew that in his latter capacity Whitewater was a white elephant. The Magnet was capable and did manage her own affairs—all but one, her manager. Ever since that lurid night when the flood galloped madly down the pass with all the original Kicking Horse on its back, and he had been flung, crushed and senseless, but still with stubborn fingers hooked in her hair, high on the hillside below the camp, Whitewater had been one of her affairs—the chief one.

She had repaid him this service many times since by pulling him with prompt, tactful energy out of vortices which had not spun, like this, from the hand of God, but were little less immanent, and he had as promptly responded by making fresh drafts upon her hoardings and her one weakness—the one soft spot in her indurate, perverted nature—her love for him.

Yes, she had told herself, over and over, he was the one man she cared for in the world. As for the rest, they might miss their meals to war one with another, until all lay among the gold they coveted in the hillside; it was nothing to her.

But, touching Whitewater, her woman's heart asserted itself; she must love some one or something. She had lost the only other thing she might have kept and loved, had she been a different woman . . . and Whitewater was her spoiled pet child.

So he gambled away her gold and his incompetent time, and a flame of resentment kindled and grew toward him in the rugged male breast of Kicking Horse.

The week had been an eventful one. A new vein had been struck, the richest by far in the history of the Eldorado, and the lucky ones to secure locations upon it washed out their hundreds between sun-up and dusk. Saturday night at the Lone Pine was steeped in hilarity and glitter.

The Little Magnet, in yellow silk tights and clinging folds of gauzy yellow drapery which but half disguised her shapely limbs, danced the "Chilkoot" and the "Kicking Horse"—inventions of her own, the goddess of the Klondike—while the bearded miners sat delightedly looking on, or cheered

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vociferously as they pelted her with soft yellow bullets in buckskin pouches

Round a green table in a corner of the room sat four men at play. One was Whitewater, a heavy winner. The dance had interfered with the game, and he did not like it. The Magnet had drawn all eyes, and the others had stopped playing to look at her.

"Curse it!" he exclaimed, impatiently at length. "She ought to quit that. She ought to be genteel, like me; she's not modest. I'll have to shake her yet, I guess. Cards?"

Whitewater, basking in the sunlight of the Magnet's preference, was the Kicking Horse dog-in-the-manger. The quick blood of the miners rose at his sneering, hollow remarks, besmirching the fair esteem of the camp's idol.

"I don't suahly see as you've any call to complain," observed Shaganappi. "She makes the dust, and I reckon you don't have to put up much foh yuah keep. You cehtainly hadn't ought to be so pahticulah, Mistah Whitewatah," he added, ironically.

Whitewater glowered on the speaker, but he only flicked the pack with his restless fingers and said again, curtly: "Cards?"

The players drew, and the game went on. Cæsar passed. "Bet a hundred," drawled the Honorable.

"Raise you fifty," responded Shaganappi.

"A hundred better," said Whitewater. Cæsar and the Honorable dropped out.

"I shall suahly have to see that, Mistah Whitewatah," said Shaganappi. "And I'll make it anothah hundred."

"And five hundred," returned Whitewater.

The dancing had stopped, and the loungers drew to the new magnet, the game at the green table.

The queen of Chilkoot Pass leaned against the corner of the bar, and her uneasy glance rested upon the group as the stakes rose steadily with the monotonous dialogue.

Four thousand dollars lay upon the cloth. It included all Whitewater's resources except some loose change in his pocket.

"And five hundred," came again from Shaganappi.

Whitewater made a sign to the Magnet, and she came forward. "Kitty," he said, "get me a thousand dollars."

"I object," said Shaganappi. "If you'ah out of stuff, Mistah Whitewatah, the pot's mine."

"Who told you I was out of stuff?" demanded Whitewater. "And suppose I was? Ain't her money as good as mine? You'll leave them stakes where they are till I've said my last about 'em."

The woman returned, and Shaganappi made no further protest as Whitewater pushed another five hundred dollars to the center.

"What have you got?" asked the gamester

"Enough to beat you, I guess," replied the miner. "Foah sevens."

Whitewater threw four nines on the table and drew the money toward him. Shaganappi jumped to his feet in sudden rage.

"It ain't squah!" he shouted, with fierce emphasis Then he added, illogically: "And curse a cur that'll not only live——"

A double explosion interrupted this speech. The eyes of the gambler closed slowly, and he sank unconscious on his seat, while his smoking pistol dropped to the floor.

In a flash the woman stooped and caught it up, wheeled on the miner and fired point-blank at his breast. The man flung his arms out, staggered round and fell forward into a comrade's clasp.

She raised the head of her dying favorite, and rested it tenderly in her lap. "O foul! foul!" she moaned. "My poor, poor boy! You brutes!" she screamed, turning her wild look on the stern encircling faces. "You didn't know this man had a mother, a good old mother, away back there in Illinois! You didn't know that he'd provided for her all these years—though, thank God! she never knew he was getting his money like—like this . . . with me."

An old woman sat on the trellised porch of a cottage, looking dreamily out over a green, flower-flecked stretch of lawn at the setting sun An open letter with a crisp bit of paper pinned to it, lay in her lap. On a low stool beside her sat a handsome boy.

"We seem more alone than ever, now," she said sadly. "There is no mail where he has gone, the letter says. He was doing so well, too; I wish he could have been satisfied. How proud your poor mother would be if she could only know how he is succeeding!"

She stroked the boy's bright head and gazed long and lovingly at a card which she drew from her pocket. The curious thing about it was that it was the only card that had ever thus been printed. for her special information and satisfaction, and this was the lying legend that it bore:

JAMES RUSSELL, M. E.,
MINING BROKER,
KICKING HORSE.
EXPERT ASSAYIST.
MONEY LOANED ON GOOD PROSPECTS.
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

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Stories of New York Life.

No. II.—ON THE BENCH WITH JUDGE LEROY B. CRANE.

A peep into the workings of a typical New York police court.

BY WALTER BEVERLEY CRANE.

"HATS off!" Magistrate Leroy B. Crane enters from the judge's room and takes his seat on the bench of the Yorkville Police Court in East Fifty-seventh street.

He is a medium-sized man, stockily built, conveying the impression of physical strength combined with a large store of reserve energy.

His face shows great strength of character, there is firmness and pertinacity written in every line of the countenance; the expression is kindly in repose, and decidedly prepossessing when animated with pleasurable emotions, but capable of fierceness and great sternness when his sensibilities are outraged and his temper aroused.

He is fifty-two years of age but looks to be thirty-eight; there is nothing judicial about his appearance; indeed, he would pass in a crowd for a successful stock-broker.

The court room is crowded with an ill smelling aggregation of mixed nationalities, and the court officers are busily engaged in examining summonses and seating complainants and witnesses within the first railing.

The first prisoner arraigned is Maggie Connelly, and the charge is intoxication. Maggie has made a very hasty toilet while waiting in "the pen," and doesn't look like an American Beauty.

Crane recognizes her as an old offender, a hopeless case, and gives her ten days on the Island.

"Aw, sure, yer Anner, it was the good jedge yer were to let me go the lasht time."

"If you come up before me again," replies the magistrate, "I will commit you to the workhouse for three months."

"So help me Gawd, yer Anner, I'll never throuble yer agin," proclaims Maggie as she is being led off.

"You are a disgrace to the force!" angrily comments Crane when he learns that Policeman Michael McManus, of the West Thirty-seventh street station, has only contributed $68 during the last two years toward the support of his wife and three children.

"You have drawn more than $1,400 annually, and only paid $68 toward your family's support. You have disgraced your uniform and yourself. You deserve punishment, and the strictest that can be meted out to you will serve to sever you from the force you have dishonored.

"I shall hold you for Special Sessions.'

The heads of two stunted youths peer over the desk and meet the magistrate's gaze.

Isaac Klopstein and Morris Cohen, aged respectively sixteen and seventeen, are arraigned on a charge of having forged two checks for $20 and $25 respectively. Their employer appears against them.

Crane's face wears a pained, anxious look, and a sigh escapes him.

He appeals to the boys' employer.

"It is the duty of a magistrate to save and not make criminals. I don't want to send these youths to prison and thus ruin their lives." He finally prevails upon the employer to withdraw the original charge, and the youthful criminals are sent to the House of Refuge, where they will have a chance to reform, and will come out and commence anew without the odor of the prison about them.

Detectives McMullen and Brady, of the Central Office, arraign James O. Watkinson before the magistrate.

The man has been floating a number of Knickerbocker Trust Company checks.

Crane looks steadily at the prisoner.

JUDGE LEROY B. CRANE,
New York's most popular police magistrate.

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FLORENCE MURDOCK,
a great stage favorite in the Western States.

"Don't you remember me?" he asks.

"No, your Honor," answers the prisoner.

"I'm Leroy B. Crane. I did some work for you about fifteen years ago, when I was practising law. You were engaged in real estate business and had a suit about a skating-rink in Harlem, and I won it for you and you fleeced me out of my fee. I'll return good for evil."

Crane remands the man for trial, but generously overlooks the mean trick played upon himself.

An ill-mated pair stand before him.

The woman is of a nagging disposition—the kind of woman Crane dislikes.

As for the man, he looks nagged, and is very discouraged.

"No, Judge, I can't get no work," said he. "When I have it I give her half my wages. I never was summoned to court before in all my life. She lives with her mother and is comfortable, I have to live around with friends most of the time."

"I think you're all right," remarks Crane, "and I believe you mean well. You impress me"—this to the woman—"as being a systematic nagger.

"I have heard both sides of the story and am satisfied that you and your mother are 'company' and don't like a 'crowd' of

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three. Remember, a husband has some rights.

"Discharged," he adds abruptly.

Magistrate Crane listens to many piteous tales of misery and suffering, and when the case is a worthy one his ever ready hand seeks his well-filled pocket and a bill of goodly denomination is forthcoming.

The morning session has been short.

"Any one present who would like to see the Judge?" calls a court attendant after the various cases have been disposed of. There are always one or two who have business of a private nature with the Magistrate or want some advice regarding legal proceedings.

Judge Crane was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1849. He came to this city in 1865, and took employment with H. B. Claflin & Co. In 1871 he entered the law office of his brother, Royal S. Crane, and studied law. He was admitted to practice in 1880. In 1882-'83 he was a member of the Legislature, and while there introduced the Five Cent Elevated Railroad Fare Bill. In 1885 he was appointed by the Supreme Court, General Term, a member of the Cable Railroad Commission. In 1891 he was the nominee of the Republican Party for State Senator. He is a member of the Republican Club, Mount Morris Republican Club, Union Republican Club, Patria Club, and New England Society, and he has always been an independent Republican in politics.

His admirers are numerous, comprising all classes and conditions of society. His whole course as Judge has been replete with good, humane work. Judge Leroy B. Crane is a pretty good type of American citizen.

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

MARION GRANT, who acts and poses equally well.

A LITTLE RAILROAD MORAL.

THEY were standing on the forward deck of the ferryboat on their way to Weehawken.

"Why do you take the West Shore Railroad?" said Miss Adams, of the Jefferson company.

"Why, I don't know—because—well, why do you?"—this from Miss Bascom, on the way to join her company in Albany.

"I'll tell you, my dear," said Miss Adams. "I travel thousands of miles every year on almost every important railroad in America. I have honestly found that the West Shore road is more comfortable and its employees more attentive to women travelers than any other road in the country. In fact, it's admirable in this respect, and I always feel at home on its trains."

"Well, that must be why I always take the West Shore when I can, and try to induce our manager to use it, too. I had never figured out my preference before, but I see you share it with me."

"All off for the West Shore trains," yelled the ferryboat man—and that's all.

WHERE FANNY JOHNSTON WAS VACCINATED.

Edna Wallace Hopper was discussing the gravity of the situation.

"Where would you be vaccinated?" said she to Fanny Johnston.

At least two pairs of male ears were strained for the answer.

"Well," said Miss Johnston, "that depends. Some people prefer to have it on the arm; but"—and here the tension was terrific—"I'll be vaccinated on Twenty-sixth street, where my doctor lives."

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DOCTOR PARKHURST, DOCTOR OF VICE.

HOW HE TELLS OUR YOUNG NEW YORK GIRLS AND BOYS ALL THE THINGS THEY SHOULD NOT KNOW.

By William Winter Thompson.

"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place."—*Prov. 27: 8.*

"ANIMALISM makes young men godless," says the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst in one of his most recent sermons. Will he ever keep still on this subject, earn his salary by attending strictly to his business leave animalism to the imaginative ecstasy of a South Brother Island existence, and not mingle these animalistic germs with an anti-vaccine public?

Why does the learned man actually teach his young hearers, readers and followers crime in all its frightful rudiments?

Our grocer, for instance, has a garbage-barrel for decayed vegetables. A collector calls once in so often—and there you are. Grocer Parkhurst sticks these offensive things under our noses and forces us to inhale their odor.

* * *

"*Animalism, not skepticism, makes young men godless.*"

That was a Parkhurst hit of a recent Sunday morning. It certainly made a hit with a smooth-faced blond boy sitting next to me. I made his acquaintance afterward. I wonder where th boy is to-night. He was a regular church attendant. Since he donned long trousers, animalism has been pounded into him. On this particular morning he became desperate. A civil service examination wasn't in it with the volley of questions he asked me about the menagerie. Doubtless he knows now, and doubtless, too, he went through the same investigating process as had the pilot a few years ago. The doctor quit, however. Will the boy? He was a strong, healthy, good-looking chap, and sent a crisp dollar bill to the foreign missionaries against my quarter. But my point is: How much does he know now?

LILLIAN BURKHART,
a star of vaudeville, who has been presenting "Captain Susanne" with so much success in New York City.

As to the young girls—what a pity to make such a clumsy and embarrassing attempt to father a great city, and then to try to mother the same town!

As to Parkhurst's real estate management: what did he do but open the cage door and let animalism run wild all over the city. We insist upon saloons holding forth at a distance from schoolhouses—not so with lepers.

* * *

Build for these "wandering birds" a cage—a permanent *baraque*. Garrison the girls. Office: this barracks with detectives and tax collectors. All the teaching, preaching, writing, talking, scolding and pounding in the world will not and cannot obliterate this evil. It is not my purpose to uphold this branch of crime, but if I can only influence Dr. Parkhurst to "ring off" I will be doing much to ruin the business. His efforts only advertise it—advertise it as Macy would announce a new line of lace goods or a slaughter in can-openers.

There is no skepticism about animalism.

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BRADY, ACTOR-MANAGER.

By James A. Bascom.

WILLIAM A. BRADY is nervous, intense, incisive in speech and manner, and a born leader of men. He is only thirty-five, but his name is known in the humblest one-night stand, and in every big city. The son of a brilliant and noted journalist, he has inherited the gift of writing tersely and vigorously. Very keen judgment of dramatic values has Brady. He has proved it by his preferment of "'Way Down East" and other plays that are enormously popular and profitable. A good clean $100,000 round-up in "'Way Down East" alone this season is his, and there are others. A dozen traveling companies bear the Brady trade-mark.

A few years ago Brady was call boy in a San Francisco theatre. He has climbed up to prominence among the theatrical magnates by unaided effort. Success in Brady's case comes of magnetism, executive skill, good judgment, and daring methods.

Dramatic instinct is very strong in Brady. He is a really brilliant and creative stage manager. Older and most skilled players recognize his power and respect his judgment. He consumes a tremendous lot of vitality in his work, but rouses his followers to enthusiasm. As an actor Brady has, in his time, played many parts. He never acts now except in an emergency, but secretly enjoys the chance. He has shown his versatility in his own theatre, the Manhattan, by some sharply-contrasting character performances. He was equally happy as the addlepated young lover in "The Turtle," and the doddering old German diplomat in "Her Majesty."

He is very much devoted to his charming wife, professionally known as Grace George. He has an abiding faith in her future as a star. It seems to be well justified by her personal success in "Her Majesty." She will be heard from later.

Photo by Dana, New York.

WILLIAM A. BRADY.

PEOPLE WHO WERE MADE BY NEWS-PAPERS.

OTERO.

Not clever; brunette as the midnight; attracted attention because the newspapers said she was the leader of the Parisian half-world.

CAPTAIN CHAPMAN.

The reporters wrote so much about his luxurious whiskers that a whole town marveled. Here they are.

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SOME TWENTIETH CENTURY HUMOR.

ALMOST.

We danced in the ball-room, Madge and I,
And she nestled close with a happy sigh,
As the mellow blare and the plaintive strings
Murmured of love and kindred things.

We floated on in the maddening whirl,
And I breathed the scent from a straggling curl,
When suddenly Madge gave a start and stopped
And her brow with her kerchief nervously mopped.

All pale she grew and dizzy quite,
And I felt the fear of an unknown fright,
And grim forebodings—I knew not why—
Came o'er me, as of danger nigh.

"My precious pet, what is wrong?" I said.
She modestly raised her dainty head;
"It's nothing at all," she blushingly gasped;
"I thought my garter had come unclasped."

JAYME AVERICK JAXUN.

SURE TO.

THE YOUTH—I wonder if I ought to marry Mabel.

THE VETERAN—Whether you marry her or not, my boy; you will repent it.

PIERRETTE—Why are we like sightseers on a certain street in New York?

PIERROT—That's easy! Because we are fascinated by Broadway.

From one of our readers, just as it was received by the art editor.

FIRST POSTER GIRL—How do you feel to-day?

SECOND P. G.—Tired out. I've been all over town to-day. And you?

F. P. G.—Done up. I've been pasted in the face five thousand times this week.

Photo by R. L. Curran, New York.

TO ELAINE SELOVER.

Oh, dear little Miss E. Selove—
You seem to be living in clove—
We'd all like to be
That apple we see—
We'd like you to bite *us*, by Jove!

E. J. K.

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Photo by Caldwell, Brockton, Mass.

SIDNEY SOMMERS TOLER AS *HAMLET*.

Mr. Toler is one of America's youngest and handsomest leading men. At present he is appearing at the Payton Theatre in Brooklyn, where he has become a matinée idol.

"THE GAY CITY."

LONDON, February 1, 1901.

THERE is a good performance at the Alhambra Music Hall just now, but the new ballet seems to be the thing. "The Gay City" will attract crowds for many a month. The beautiful Normandy peasants, with their branches of ripened fruit and their bunches of ripened charms, will be in the eyes of "all London" for a good half of 1901. If they are not, then "all London" is a quantity that knows absolutely nothing about quality. As to the final tableau, with its clusters of pretty faces, fine fruits and glorious flowers, all blazing with colored electric globes and sprouting with colored electric limbs (you should really see a full-grown Alhambra ballet in action), it is a thing of rare and wonderful beauty and a huge joy for quite a while. My best compliments and thanks to all concerned — from Mr. C. Dundas Slater to the "Visitors, Soldiers, Waiters of the Café Internationale, Waitresses of the Restaurant Duval, Les Gardes Municipeaux, supported by a specially augmented Chorus, the Alhambra Corps de Ballet, and Auxiliaries numbering 274"—and I hope they will have a prosperous year for their trouble. There are no gay pretenders in "The Gay City." Their gayety is genuine from start to finish, and the finish comes all too soon.

JAMES GARDINER CLARKE.

Photo by Baker, Columbus, O.

TITENIA,
The dancer of "The Gay Grisette" company.

Photo by Eddowes, New York.

FRANCES BELMONT,
of "My Lady" company.

CAN IT BE TRUE?

Here is a card in the *News* of Chula, Mo.:

> OUR SPECIALTY IS SHAVING, NOT CONVERSATION.
> **WOODS & O'HARA, BARBERS,**
> CHULA, MO.

Messrs. Woods & O'Hara would make a fortune in New York.

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MISS COHN WINS THE SUBSCRIPTION.

MORE than 200 answers to the question under the picture of Sam and Dick Bernard, in our November number, were received. This was the *first* correct answer:

121 E. 81ST STREET.
November 23, 1900

BROADWAY PUB. COMPANY.

Dear Sirs: Inclosed you will find the picture puzzle marked with a question mark, asking which is Sam and which is Dick Bernard. I have cut the picture from the magazine and have placed a cross on the forehead of Sam Bernard on the right-hand side. The one that is not marked is Dick.

Yours respectfully,
MISS E. COHN,
121 East 81st St.

Miss Cohn inclosed a clipping with the heads properly, and she is therefore entitled to the year's subscription.

FLO IRWIN AND IGNACIO MARTINETTI.

QUESTION.

GLOUCESTER CITY, N. J.

Editor, BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—Please enlighten an ardent and appreciative reader of your magazine. Was Ignacio Martinetti ever Flo Irwin's husband? Yours very truly, L. NILSSON

ANSWER.

Yes.

Photo by A. McCallum, London, Ont.

ESTHER EVANS,
a great favorite with Canadian theatre-goers. Published by request of numerous Dominion readers.

A FATHER WHO NEEDS A LICKING.

IT'S not a pretty rumor and so I'll mention no names. The father is good-looking and not careful; the daughter is young, fresh from a convent and very nice. The father's latest affair is with a woman almost as young as his daughter. On a recent Sunday father had woman and daughter to lunch with him at the Central Park Casino. Wouldn't you like to jar him?

THE KICKER.

HERNE'S NEW PLAY.

JAMES A. HERNE is figuring on his new play for next year. It is said to be less homely than "Sag Harbor" and some of his other pieces, and to have twenty speaking parts. Mr. Herne is now writing rôles as carefully for his daughters as he formerly did for himself and wife.

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A PLEA FOR GREATER BEAUTY.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE presents each month many pages illustrating the pick of the most perfect productions of the human kind. There is some repetition, but in the main it is possible to bring forth each month a new bevy of beaming beauties. Being right on Broadway, where the finest congregate, and in the great Metropolis, with a few million inhabitants, it is only necessary to look around in order to procure the proper types. Those who philosophize will say that the number of human *perfectos* could be vastly increased, if all could be induced early enough to study the arts of human perfection and apply them.

There are earnest authors who write books along these lines, and the latest, and acknowledgedly the best, of their works are two notable books by a popular writer who for forty years has studied all questions bearing on the physical and mental improvement of the race. Dr. Foote has at last given the world the fruits of his long study and experience, in two human guide-books. One is entitled "Health and Disease, with Recipes," which should enable any individual to make the most of himself or herself by its teaching of the laws of health, the conditions of hygiene, the causes of disease, and the mistakes that mar the man or blight the woman. The Doctor's second book is his "Plain Home Talk, with Tocology," in which the laws of successful reproduction of perfected types are presented, so that the favored few may learn, if they will, how to improve on themselves, and bring forth for the future photographer studies in nature that will cast all the present notable subjects in the shade.

J. J. B.

Photo by Schloss, New York.

AMY RICARD,
a member of the "Janice Meredith" company in the support of Mary Mannering.

AS PER REQUEST.

Jan. 11, 1901.

Editor, BROADWAY MAGAZINE.
Please publish this picture in your next, will you? Her name is Doris Scott.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Photo by Hall, New York.

JAMES HORAN,
a well-known young dramatic author of New York.

IN AWFUL TROUBLE.

Dear BROADWAY MAGAZINE.
We are in awful trouble and want you to help us. Some one told us Mr. Faversham is nearly forty years old! Of course, we didn't believe it, but we would like to know what you think about it. Ever your friends,
CAROLINE HOWARD.
ADELAIDE HAZELTON.

P. S.—Please tell us who Jimmy Powers' wife is.

1.—William Faversham is said to be thirty-seven.
2.—Rachel Booth is Mrs. James T. Powers.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

Bulletin No. 13.—Mr. Alexander Comstock has just passed through Montreal. At this writing Canada is feeling better, and, barring a rather feverish pulse, will probably be about with the aid of a cane in a few days.

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NEW SCHLOSS PICTURES OF VIRGINIA EARLE.

Gin Fizzes and Things.

BEING SOME FACTS AND CHAT YOU'RE NOT APT TO FIND IN ANY OTHER PUBLICATION.

YERKES VS. DUNLOP.

Charles J. Yerkes is certainly a picturesque addition to New York's notable figures. Yerkes is a pretty stern type of citizen. He cannot be frightened to any great extent. Have you ever heard of his little tilt with Dunlop, the publisher of the old Chicago *Dispatch*. It's interesting and quite Chicagoesque. Dunlop was running things with a high and mighty hand. He came to his office each day in a closed carriage and was always accompanied by a six-foot African bodyguard, who took particular care to see that no irate citizen got within striking distance of his master. But that's another story. One day a man called on Mr. Yerkes and showed him a proof of an article that had been set up for publication in the *Dispatch*. In this story many unpleasant things were said of Mrs. Yerkes.

"Young man," said Mr. Yerkes, "go back and tell Dunlop that he can roast me until the cows come home and I'll never turn a hair; but tell him, and mark it well, young man, that the moment he prints a word about my wife I'll go around and blow his brains out."

Dunlop must have taken him at his word, for the article was not published.

***

LILLIAN RUSSELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Have you seen the long-winded stories in the New York papers recently about Lillian Russell and her conversion to Christian Science? If so,

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As she appears in "The Girl From Up There" at the Herald Square Theatre, New York.

I hope it occurred to you that all the points had been fully covered by the Man On Broadway fully three months before.

⁂

DAVIES AND BETTELHEIM.

It's a pretty fight between Acton Davies, the dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Sun*, and Edwin S. Bettelheim, editor of the *Dramatic News*. Davies has gone out of his way during the past few months to say unpleasant things about the Theatrical Syndicate, and Bettelheim is, of course, a loyal advocate of the Syndicate and has poured hot shot into the rotund Davies.

In the meantime, however, no one can deny that Davies turns out the brightest and cleverest theatrical department published in any New York evening paper.

⁂

AN INTERESTING GRASS WIDOW.

"The Confessions of a Grass Widow" is a very seductive title for lovers of the flippant in literature. It is the name of a new Neely book by Kate Thyson Marr, a woman who has turned out some of the most readable short stories of the decade. Mrs. Marr makes this grass widow a very attractive creature and shows such an intimate knowledge of the lady that we are almost led to believe that "The Confessions of a Grass Widow" are in the nature of an autobiography.

On second thought, I recall that last suggestion. Now that I think of it, the widow has experiences that would embarrass the average woman, even in a calm contemplation of them. But "The Confessions of a Grass Widow" is clever, anyway.

⁂

DREISER WRITES A BOOK.

Theodore Dreiser is another Broadwayite who is doing good work. His first long novel, "Sister Carrie," published by the Doubleday-

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NEW YORK'S NEWEST MATINÉE HERO—ROBERT T. HAINES.

Mr. Haines in street clothes and in the costume of *Don John*. This is the chief male rôle in the dramatization of "In the Palace of the King," now running at the Republic Theatre, New York City. Mr. Haines has been prominent in stock work for a number of years, but his manly vigor, grace of presence and artistic conception of the true requirements of the romantic drama, make him one of the season's notable figures on the New York stage.

Page concern, is a revelation to those who have looked upon Dreiser as merely a good magazine writer of vivid English and bare fact. Dreiser, by the way, is a brother of Paul Dresser, the song writer.

⁂

A VACCINATION STORY.

Vaccination stories are going the rounds in New York just now. Here is one:

Mrs. James Brown-Potter, when she was vaccinated some years ago, feared that she would be incapacitated from work.

"Oh, doctor," she whimpered, "pray be careful; vaccinate me where it will not interfere with my social or professional duties."

"Madam," said the doctor, "I would advise you to take it internally."

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.

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SCENES FROM CURRENT NEW YORK PLAYS.

BYRON SNAPSHOTS OF "MRS. DANE'S DEFENSE" AND "THE CLIMBERS."

Miss Jessie Millward and Kate Dale in "Mrs. Dane's Defense"

Frank Worthing and Robert Edeson in "The Climbers."

TWO of the most widely discussed plays in New York at present are "Mrs. Dane's Defense" and "The Climbers."

The former has as its theme the question of a woman with a past. The woman in this case does not live it down, and there is room for much discussion by students of sociology.

"The Climbers" is notable from the fact that it is one of Clyde Fitch's best plays, and also serves to bring into notice the remarkable aggregation of players now appearing as the Amelia Bingham Stock Company.

Both plays may be set down as unqualified successes. At any rate, they are drawing crowded houses at a time when some other New York theatres seem to find no difficulty in supplying breathing room for all who apply.

Margaret Anglin (Mrs. Dane) and Guy Standing in "Mrs. Dane's Defense."

Miss Anglin and Miss Millward in "Mrs. Dane's Defense."

Scene from "The Climbers." Miss Bingham on the extreme left.

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Broadway Magazine.

Vol. VI. MARCH, 1901. No. 6

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor. GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager.

"IS BROADWAY WICKED?"

MY DEAR WILLIAM:

You want to know if Broadway is wicked.

It is, William; you can bet your boots it is; but so is your own little city of Watertown, N. Y. (your letter bears that address) if you really go out and hunt for wickedness with a dark lantern and a pretty good knowledge of men and women.

William, I will not deceive you; Broadway is no place for a tall, thin young man, with curly hair, a foolish grin and money for bonfire purposes. (I hope you haven't the foolish grin, but I do hope you have the money.) Broadway is a pretty lively imitation of a street where a great many people are thinking of tripping heels, various hues of pretty eyes and nothing serious, while a few other poor devils are trying to earn a living.

* * *

William, I once knew a man who was in the perfectly respectable business of selling leather down on Frankfort street. He used to take the Wall Street ferry to his happy Brooklyn home every night, and he was deacon in a Heights church. A friend induced him to come up to Broadway and see the sights. Personally, I've never seen any sights that seemed capable of turning the head of a soft-boiled cabbage, but that man did. He fell a victim to what I shall call Broadway fever. Pretty soon he began to neglect his business, his wife found a single bed sufficient unto her needs, the Heights society began to talk and one church lost a deacon. That man is now a hanger-on of uptown bar-rooms. Incidentally, he shaved his luxurious blue-black whiskers some time ago.

* * *

But, William, I also knew a man who came to Broadway from a near Jersey town. He was a shiftless sort of a chap, who had married because he had nothing else in particular to do. He spent most of his time in scribbling jingles on grocery-store paper. His folks told him to come to New York and live on himself for a while. He struck Broadway. That was five years ago. To-day he is making ten thousand a year as a writer for the stage, and the folks have all come over from New Jersey to fill his comfortable flat. His wife has exchanged her sewing-machine for a cab, and all's well. So, you see, dear William, that Broadway is just as you take it. The trouble is that foolish people take it in abnormal doses.

* * *

I like Broadway. But, then, everything is a matter of taste. I once heard a beautiful and clever New York woman say she doted on bow-legged men because they looked strong and manly, and were so different from the weak, knock-kneed type. You see, she was observing; but to repeat—I like Broadway because—it's Broadway. It is bright, and cheery, and pleasant; and its women are the handsomest in the world. And there, William, is the trouble. There are too many pretty women for the light-headed. The man to whom God has given vast appreciativeness, but very little ballast, is inclined, after his first introduction to the street, to spend much of his time in buying boutonnieres and the balance of it in standing on the corners, meaning very little harm, but making himself ridiculous. For our New York women do not like the poseur, and

THE EDITORIALS RECEIVED IN ANSWER TO OUR PRIZE OFFER LAST MONTH WILL APPEAR IN OUR APRIL NUMBER.

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NOW READY!

Bound Volume No. VI.

OF

BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

It hardly seems possible, but I am all ready to go into your hands in handsome red cloth binding with gilt lettering, uniform with former volumes. I consist of the issues from October, 1900, to March, 1901, inclusive. Send $1.00 for me at once and I will go to you without delay.

Yours truly,

BOUND VOLUME NO. VI.

Broadway is the quintessence, the spirit, the absinthe frappe of New York.

* * *

Still, Broadway is wicked or it isn't wicked, according to your sense of proportion. If you imagine that all those smiling lips you see are to be kissed for the asking, or if you can't look full straight into a nice blue eye without quailing, don't come to Broadway. It is full of delight for the student of the species, but it's rather expensive and very disheartening to those who don't know the difference between a good woman who smiles openly and a bad one who smirks secretly. Don't come if you have no sense of that moral proportion which gives us the light to see that white is white and black no blacker than it can be.

In fact, William, it's really up to you.

William, gaze long and earnestly at this picture of Miss Dora Timberley, of the Frou-frou. Then, if she looks like an angel to you and there is a yearnful feeling in the region of your young heart, or if you know that such a scene and such company would play sad havoc with your nerves, don't come to Broadway; really, William, don't.

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THE SILENT SOLDIER OF "JANICE MEREDITH."

Snapshot pictures of Richard Renshaw Neill, who plays the rôle of the *Silent Soldier* in the dramatization of Paul Leicester Ford's novel.

Certainly very much pleased over something.

Mr. Neill without make-up.

Amusement not unmixed with surprise.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive ten times as many letters of inquiry as we can answer in these pages. Therefore, send your name and address whenever you ask for information, and it will gladly be given without delay.

"Sir Soldier, the glare of thy buttons from the fire hurts my eyes."

Photo by Brand, Chicago.

WILLIAM WINTER THOMPSON, the latest addition to BROADWAY MAGAZINE's staff, who has become associate editor. Mr. Thompson is one of the best known young newspaper men in New York.

TO D. H. T.

Miss Edna May was for a few days out of the cast of "The Girl From Up There" at the Herald Square Theatre on account of illness. Her understudy, Miss Grace Belmont, played the rôle.

AS TO ANDREW MACK.

QUESTION:

Editor BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: With a friend I recently witnessed a performance of "The Rebel," in which Andrew Mack, the sweet-voiced tenor, is now appearing We had a discussion as to whether Josephine Lovett, his leading lady, was his wife. Will you kindly tell us in next month's BROADWAY MAGAZINE if she is or is not his wife? From two admirers of BROADWAY MAGAZINE and Andrew Mack,

Miss C. LOW.
Miss L. DEPROVE.

ANSWER:

Miss Lovett is not Mrs. Mack. That honor belongs to another.

TOO EXPENSIVE.

"Well, Spowter, were any eggs thrown at you during your lecturing tour?"

"Not an egg. Why, man, eggs were worth fifty cents a dozen all the time I was gone."

TIT FOR TAT.

HE—How often a woman's face is her fortune!

SHE—Yes; and how often a man's cheek is his!

The signature of a young and rising politician of Cleveland, Ohio. This signature on a check is worth something more than thirty cents.

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America's Leading Ladies.—No. 1.*

BERTHA CREIGHTON,

Girard Avenue Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

A FOOLISH NEW YORK LAWYER.

A WELL-KNOWN New York lawyer whose name often appears in daily newspaper accounts of sensational trials was himself the victim of blackmailers some time ago. At this writing the lawyer, who, contrary to all the traditions of the profession, was mulcted in the sum of $10,000, is wondering whether he had better have the scoundrels arrested and stand the chances of figuring in a very unsavory case, or to swallow his medicine with a pleasant smile.

* "America's Leading Ladies" will be continued throughout the year.

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THE FRAWLEY COMPANY EN ROUTE.

EDITOR OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE: Portland, Ore.

Dear Sir—Enclosed you will find a print of a few of the Frawley company, which I take the liberty of sending to you as I have not seen any photographs of them up to date. On the extreme left is the leading man, Capt. Harrington Reynolds; next the leading lady, Miss Mary Van Buren; then come Mr. J. R. Amory, the leading comedian, and T. Daniel Frawley, the manager. As many of your readers have enjoyed seeing this company I think you will be doing others as well as myself a great favor by publishing this in your splendid magazine.

Yours sincerely,
MILTON FROHMAN,
Portland, Ore.

1. Harrington Reynolds. 3. J. R. Amory.
2. Mary Van Buren. 4. T. Daniel Frawley.

PEARL SANDERS, the clever little ingénue.

P. S.—I also send you a photograph of Pearl Sanders, the clever little ingénue of the Frawley company. It seems strange that you have not yet had a picture of such a charming and rising young actress. I think you will please scores of her admirers by publishing it.

THE TRAGEDY OF A CHICAGO PHOTOGRAPHER.

A SOMEWHAT NEBULOUS STORY RECEIVED FROM A BROADWAY MAGAZINE READER WHO DARES US TO GO TO PRESS WITHOUT PUBLISHING IT.

HE was very jealous of her, and made her life a misery, but she, poor thing, consoled herself with the thought that his jealousy was caused by his great true love for her. So she overlooked his faults, and whenever she was accused of anything, tried her best to prove how untrue it was.

She never left the house that she was not watched by someone paid for the purpose by her dear husband. One day he fell ill, and his mail, that as a rule went to his studio, was forwarded by the manager to the house. He was such a true man—and loved his wife so dearly—and opened wifie's letters whenever he got the chance, that wifie thought she had the right to open his.

Well, what was her surprise when she found an ardent love-letter from one of his customers that had sat for her picture. Wifie sat down and wrote the other darling a burning love-letter, as she had had quite a number of her true hubby's love-letters herself, and knew just how to go about it. So it is needless to say that that dear thing at the other end of the line never knew the difference, and now wifie has it fixed so that she gets the answers to her true husband's letters. I wonder how long her dear husband has been at such work—and how many letters wifie wants before she will ask for a divorce.

FANCHON FONTAINE.

THIRD ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

OUR next issue will be the Third Anniversary Number of BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

It will end three years of success seldom attained by new publications The occasion will be one of more or less thanksgiving, and we want our readers to share it with us. Therefore we have some new features in mind which will make you glad that there is such a thing as the Third Anniversary Number of BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

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TOLL TO THE PLAYWRIGHT.

THERE is a woman in New York who acts as a play broker and whose business duty it is to let out manuscripts to stock companies and amateur dramatic societies, collect royalties, and in other ways serve the interests of the dramatist. Her name is Alice Kauser, and she is a recognized feature of the institution of American theatricals. In a recent interview in the *Dramatic News* Miss Kauser gave some interesting facts regarding the rent value of plays. The cost per week is as follows:

"An American Citizen," $500.

"The Great Ruby" costs sixteen per cent. of the gross receipts on the first $4,000 and twenty-one per cent. on the next $2,000 with a bonus of from $250 to $500.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" has cost as high as $750 for its use for a single week, and one stock company is said to have paid as high as $1,000 for it.

"The Charity Ball" costs $300 a week.

"The Dancing Girl" averages from $300 to $500 a week, while E. M. Royle's play "Friends" costs $150 a week.

It requires ten per cent. of the gross receipts to obtain "The Sporting Duchess" a week, and a similar amount for the use of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

"Sweet Lavender" is worth $250 a week, while "Hoodman Blind" is placed at $125.

For the use of "Liberty Hall" from ten to fifteen per cent. of the gross receipts is exacted with a guarantee of at least $400.

"Trilby" can be had for $250 per week, while there are half a dozen "Nell Gwynns" at $100 a week.

That clever play, "The Butterflies," costs $200, and "The Young Wife" $150.

A farce comedy like "Why Smith Left Home" costs $200, while the melodrama "The Fatal Card" costs $100.

"The Moth and the Flame" wants ten per cent. of the gross receipts with a guarantee of $300, while "A Gilded Fool" is satisfied with ten per cent. of the gross.

"Hazel Kirke" costs $150, "Men and Women" $300, "A Bachelor's Romance" $300, "Jim the Penman" $150, "A Fair Rebel" $100, "The Ensign" $150, "The District Attorney" $150, "Diplomacy" $200, "The Countess Valeska" $300, "Paul Kauvar" $200, and "The White Heather" ten per cent. of the receipts.

Unprotected and uncopyrighted plays like "Quo Vadis," "East Lynne," "Led Astray," and others of that calibre cost nothing and are worth about nothing.

In cases where box-office statements are required to figure up percentages Miss Kauser has experts at work to cover the details.

In the West, Howard and Doyle occupy about the same position, and they in some instances control the absolute rights to several plays.

The cost of the above pieces must be weekly added to the salary list of the companies, and that is probably why a great many stock companies are not such a profitable investment.

Photo by Schloss, New York.

MARY BOYLAN,

a dainty New York girl who plays the rôle of the French maid in "Sherlock Holmes" on the road.

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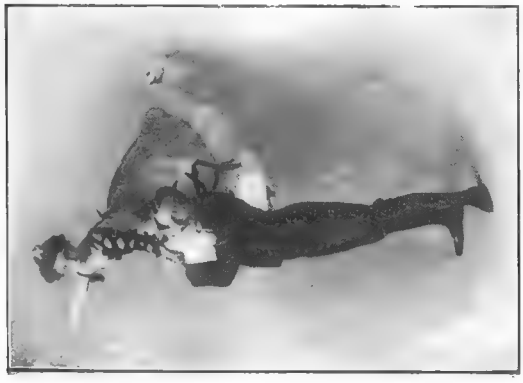

TWO REMARKABLE ACROBATIC DANCERS.

With six special snapshot photos by Schloss, New York.

THESE various poses suggest considerable agility, strength and experience. That's just what they require; these acrobatic dances do not appeal to the lover of ease.

The dancers depicted herewith are known as the Kollinis, and during the twelve minutes of their performance all the rules of equilibrium and physics are smashed, to say nothing of the fact that the women in the audience wonder how the female portion of the duo can hold together after one or two attempts to punch holes in the atmosphere.

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A NIGHT IN A MILLS HOTEL.

By Arthur P. Colton.

SITTING here in the spacious, well-lit writing room of this first-rate hotel for respectable plain people of the masculine persuasion, I am seized with the desire to take my pen in hand—pen furnished for nothing—and write a hasty sketch of my impressions as a twenty-center.

While checking my bag I noticed about a dozen good-looking trunks—those people were staying by the week.

Were I a single man, struggling to get ahead in this hard world, I should gladly have done the same.

I came back rather late, after a supper at the Studio with three live editors.

The elevator runs all night long, and the caravanserai is always open ready to welcome the wayfarer. This is well; but I would suggest, if it can be done without excessive expense, that it would be a boon were the bath department run all night, or at least till two in the morning. More about the bathing anon.

I turned into bed in an inside room, No. 271, whose little iron-latticed window looked down on the huge central court that is used as a smoking or reading room.

The atmosphere was at an ideal temperature for sleeping—softly cool, not chilly. The bed was about as neat and comfortable as any I have ever slept on, and I have girdled the globe twice. It was a thousand times better room and bed than I had the other night in Broadway, and I fell asleep with no fear of having my clothes stolen ere the dawn.

The beds could not be bettered. Of the 300 odd hotels in Manhattan I doubt if half have such capital ones.

At half-past six in the morning I dressed partially, came down stairs, and got the bath which goes with the 20-cent night's lodging, a first-rate shower, hot or cold, which one can regulate or graduate at will.

I delight in a moderately cold shower. This was perfection, more refreshing and bracing than seven kinds of cocktails.

I wheedled the attendant, whose dialect reminded me of Tamsen, famous author of "Der chail is oudt,' out of an extra towel, which I put on the floor for a mat. Perhaps a bit of coarse matting in each bathing booth would be a good idea.

Armed with an appetite by the shower superb, I go into the restaurant, where neatness and cleanliness reign,

MISS CONNIE POWELL

Peeping at a Broadway Magazine from behind a screen in Chickering's studio, Boston.

Photo by Feinberg, New York.

MAY FISKE

Posing before a Broadway Magazine artist —same artist, but another studio.

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as everywhere. There are forty respectable-looking men of all ages quietly eating here. But one has the bad manners to wear his hat—or, mayhap, he is a stray Quaker.

A first-rate breakfast for 15 cents! I ate more than the regular breckfast—so spelt on your menu—for I wished to test the cooking. The oatmeal—I don't approve of oatmeal, for I think it causes skin diseases and promotes Scotch literature; but the Mills Hotel No. 1 oatmeal is excellent. The milk did not impress me favorably. The rolls were very good. So was the coffee. The eggs were fresh, the bacon fine, the sausages likewise. The liver I sampled had been cut too thin and cooked too dry, but the quality was there. The hamburger steak which my neighbor at table was eating had a savory smell. The dinner bill of fare is much more elaborate. I shall return some day and go through it for my own satisfaction of curiosity and appetite.

The writing rooms, smoking rooms, library, are beyond even most captious criticism. The bookshelves are not yet filled, but there is a goodly supply of first-rate authors and some editions of real elegance—a few might be called editions de luxe.

The effect in the central court or chief reading room, as one looks up, is impressive, light, bright, high, solemn, and yet cheerful. The marble staircase, as one enters and goes up to the office, is handsome. Architecturally, in fine, the whole is highly satisfactory.

BONNIE MAGINN,
a shining member of the Broadway Brigade, now appearing in all her glory at Weber & Fields'. We know we have published her picture before, but we offer no apology in this case. Bonnie is her own apology.

NOVEL STOCK COMPANY IDEA.

THE McCloy Stock Companies are becoming well known throughout western Pennsylvania and northern West Virginia. The organizations are the result of a new and novel idea conceived by Manager Frederick M. McCloy, of the Pittsburg Grand Opera House. He has adapted the stock company plan to the needs of a traveling organization, and has put out two companies—one a dramatic, the other a comedy—to give the people of the cities of that vicinity the same high-class plays that are put on at the Grand in Pittsburg. This can be done by having the two companies dependent upon a series of towns and not merely upon one. The circuit embraces twelve cities, and the two organizations play each city alternately one night in every week. While the expenses of such companies are heavy, especially as two new plays are produced every two weeks, the public is according such strong support that Mr. McCloy's expectations have been more than equaled.

DEAN BAILEY.

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ALMA WHITSELL, OF THE BEAUTIFUL NECK.

Miss Whitsell is not unknown to dramatic fame. She is, in fact, an ambitious treader of the American stage, but no one will contend that she is a histrionic sensation, even while acknowledging that she amply fills the eye. Miss Whitsell's own fulsome personality, as depicted in this Sarony photo, is conclusive proof of the eye part of it. She is, of course, blessed by generous Nature, and perhaps, therefore, deserves no particular credit. But that should not lessen our admiration for the lady.

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ANOTHER PARIS BEAUTY—AMELIE ROUTOUSSER,
of the Ambassadeurs, Paris.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

THEY were discussing a small bottle of Ruinart and other things.

"Oh, no," said she; "my husband loves me too much to ever flirt with other women."

"But, my dear, have you ever tried him?" said the Dearest Friend.

"Of course I have. I left him alone the other night for five minutes with Madge Darnley, our very best mutual friend, and when I came back even his hair wasn't mussed."

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A PARIS BEAUTY—MLLE AMIE DE VRIES,
whose classic features are drawing attention in captious France.

NO WONDER!

IT is no wonder that Americans are unpopular in some foreign countries.

Recently a man was arrested in Berlin while running amuck through the streets singing "After the Ball."

He didn't mention how many.

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LILLIAN RUSSELL'S 1901 PICTURE.

Miss Russell, now appearing in "Fiddle-de-dee" at Weber & Fields', has surely earned the title of "The Perennial." To-day she is—well, not as young as when she appeared as a comic opera star a few years agone; she is, nevertheless, as beautiful and attractive as she was ten years ago, and is a revelation to those women who fade after thirty-five. Miss Russell is by all odds the most joyously pretty woman on the American stage to-day, and no one has as yet taken her place in comic opera.

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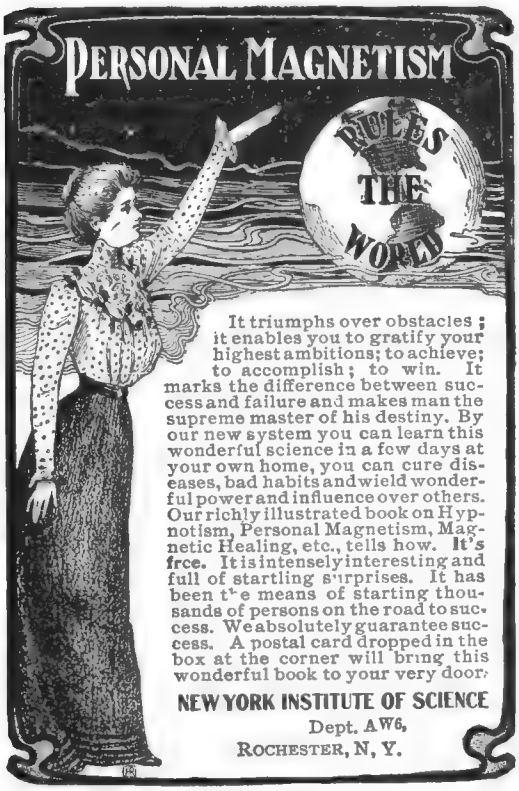

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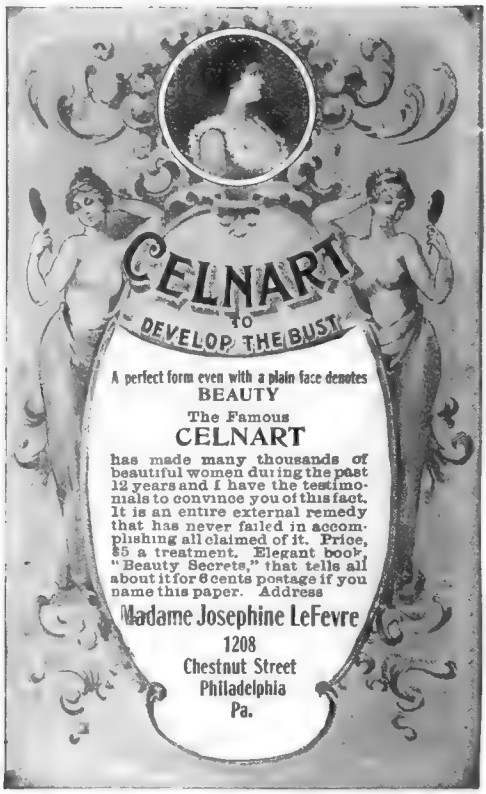
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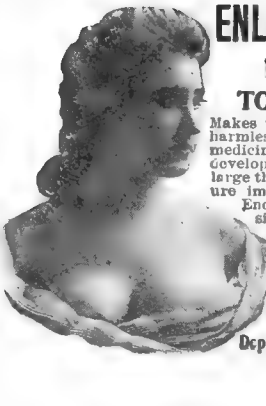

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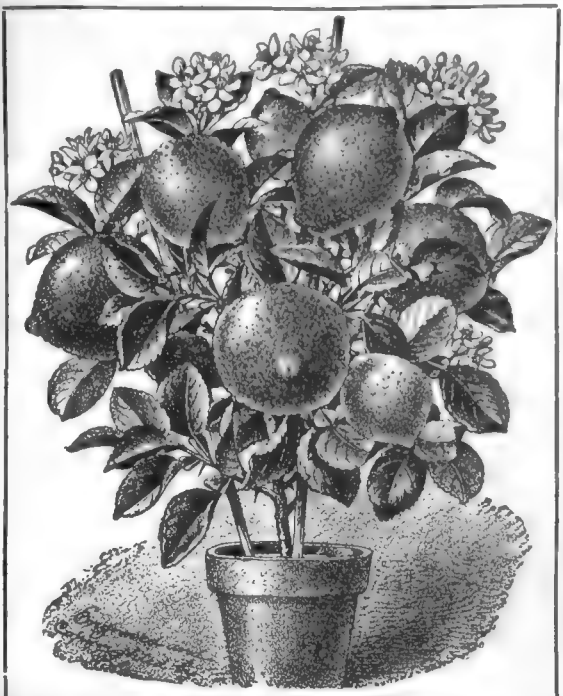

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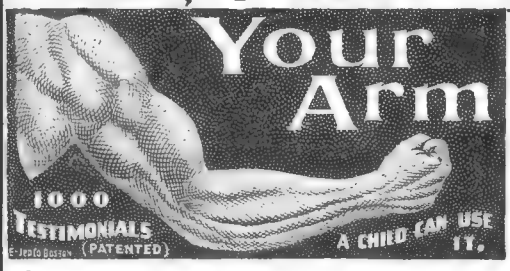

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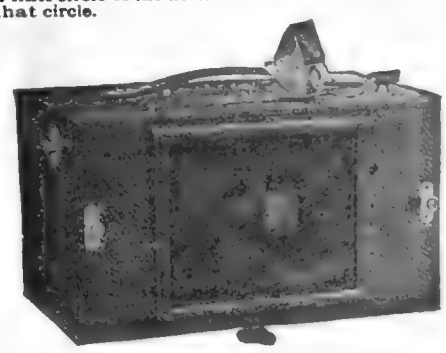

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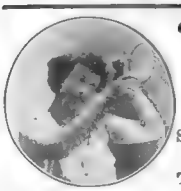

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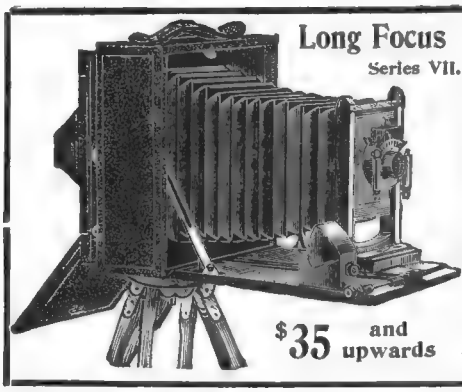

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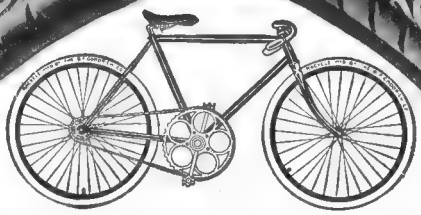

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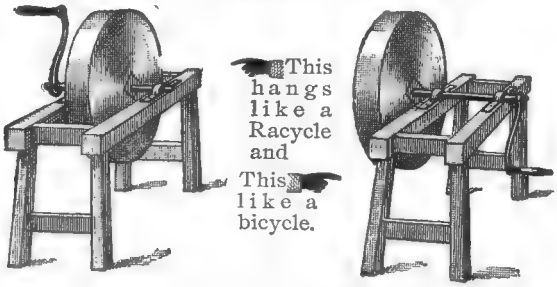

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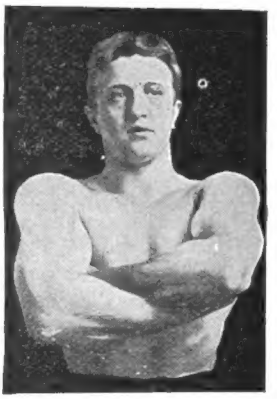

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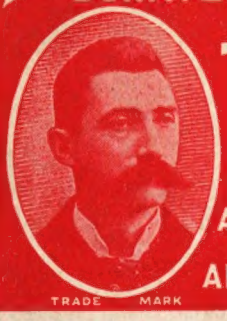

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